

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 26, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

FOOTBALL BRUTALITY:
PART 3

**HOORAY!
AND
UP
UP,**





Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

'I know why I smoke.'

"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

Vince Dougherty

Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.



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MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
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But raw power means nothing. What's important is how that power is delivered. In the case of the STR-V7, it's brought to you by Sony in a very classy package.

You get a combination of features and controls that are impressive on their own—but almost unheard of in a single machine.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



DeINAGRO: TODAY THE STORY, TOMORROW THE WORLD OPEN

The onetime terror of the Barracks Bar stood in the grand ballroom of New York's Biltmore Hotel last week and faced up to an unsettling truth. "It was the first time in my life that I wasn't the best pool shooter in the house," says Mike DelNagro, whose story on the World Open Pool Championship begins on page 84. Which is not to say that at 31 DelNagro is the world's youngest retired hustler, merely that he had something of a mispent youth.

DelNagro has been a pool player since he was 12, and even in service he somehow managed to spend more time at the base pool hall than on KP. He was the two-time champion of McGuire Air Force Base (1969, '70) and the champion of Hickam AFB in Hawaii (1972). As for the Barracks Bar, it is a popular watering hole just up the road a piece from the main gate at McGuire in Wrightstown, N.J. in which DelNagro worked as a bartender on off-duty evenings. "The bartending paid me \$15 a shift," says DelNagro, "while the pool games brought in from \$60 to \$70 a night."

DelNagro was well prepared for military sharpshooting by his boyhood in Buffalo. "There was an elegantly shabby old pool table in the basement of St. Ann's School," says DelNagro. "The kids played baseball by day and shot pool by night." It was the early handicaps that made the game so much easier later on: at St. Ann's the kids played with warped or broken-off cue sticks, and also decided that certain shots had to be made blindfolded. By the time he went into the Air Force in 1968, DelNagro was ready to take on all challengers. The trophies he won are now door-

stops back home, a fair indication of how the family regards Mike's talent.

But, tournaments aside, the toughest test of a pool player is how he reacts under pressure, and this is where DelNagro lives. "When money got short at the end of the month, I would occasionally play for \$5 a game—when I didn't have the \$5," he says. "That's real pressure. It was close a couple of times, but I never lost."

Time was when Mike and wife Mary would visit a poolroom owned by a brother-in-law. By way of introduction, Mary would unplug the jukebox and then announce proudly to the suddenly hushed crowd, "The best pool player in the house just walked in. Does anybody want to play him?"

DelNagro cautioned her against that sort of introduction when Mary accompanied him to the opening night of the Biltmore tournament. "I rarely play pool anymore," he says. "And not at all in the last six months or so. All of the 52 competitors would have beaten me."

But that was last week. After writing his story, DelNagro has gone back into training. With good reason: he plans to enter next year's world open with the assurance that SI will pay his \$300 entry fee and also underwrite the cost of renting a tuxedo. It seems a fair enough proposition for one who plays well under pressure. If DelNagro doesn't win the tournament, he's fired. Or at least banished to the Barracks Bar until he earns our money back.

Arthur F. Sullivan

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But the joke is
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Vic Braden says, "You can play tennis 500% better than you do now!" And in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** he shows you how. Vic's secret weapon—well-known to the millions who have seen him on TV—is his sense of humor. But the jokes aren't just for laughs. Vic's humor will relax you, jolt you out of your bad habits, and help to make each lesson absolutely unforgettable. Try these Braden one-liners on for size.

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- You can't hit a helium ball and attack, that's like throwing a hand grenade and running underneath it.
- When you are swinging in a northerly direction and the ball keeps heading south, you are very likely watching your opponent instead of the ball.
- If you can walk to the drinking fountain without falling over, you have the physical ability to play tennis well.

"Vic Braden is the world's number one tennis coach."—Jack Kramer

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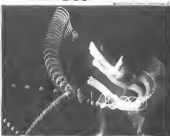
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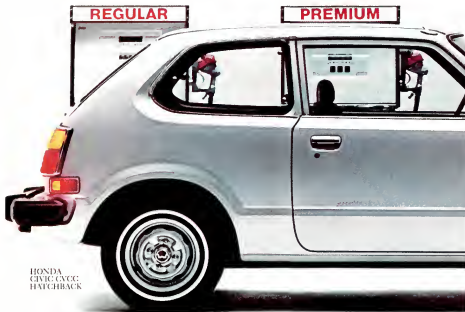


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HONDA
CIVIC CVCC
HATCHBACK

Our lowest EPA mileage estimate was received by the Civic 1200 with 2-speed manually-selected Hondamatic transmission: 30 mpg highway, 23 mpg city. All estimates are lower for California and high altitude areas. Also, the Civic 1200 is not available in California or in high altitude areas.

Although we're happy to tell you about our 1978 EPA mileage figures, we want to be realistic about them. So please keep in mind that EPA estimates are the result of laboratory tests and are offered only as a means of comparison.

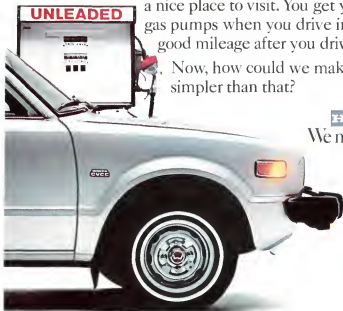
Therefore, your mileage will vary depending on such things as where you drive, how you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment.

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SCORECARD

Edited by BRUCE NEWMAN

KILLING A GOOD BILL WITH KINDNESS

Five members of a House Judiciary subcommittee last week dealt the U. S. Olympic movement a stunning blow, voting unanimously to strike from HR. 12626 (commonly known as the Olympic Sports Bill) an appropriation for \$30 million to institute several important changes in the shape and direction of amateur sports in this country. The money was deleted from the bill—which had already sailed through the Senate (SCORECARD, May 8)—on a motion by Thomas N. Kindness (R., Ohio), who expressed skepticism that this would be a onetime request from the U.S. Olympic Committee.

The bill now goes back to the full Judiciary Committee, then to the House floor, and finally to a House-Senate conference committee to iron out differences in the two bills, which at this point are considerable. The fate of the \$30 million—\$18 million of which was earmarked for the reorganization of the amateur sports bureaucracy, the other \$12 million to go to a badly needed sports training program—will be determined when Congress returns from its recess after Labor Day.

The subcommittee chairman, George Danielson (D., Calif.), says, "There is a 50-50 chance some money, like the \$18 million part, may be restored by the full committee."

The USOC has steadfastly insisted that the bill represented a request for what it called "seed money," and that the Olympic Committee will never show up on Capitol Hill with its hand out. "I can't understand why the subcommittee can't appreciate that the financing is inseparable from the rest of the bill," says USOC Executive Director F. Don Miller. "The money is absolutely imperative to the successful reorganization of amateur sports in this country."

One purpose of the bill was to put an end to the constant jurisdictional bickering between amateur sanctioning bodies like the AAU and the NCAA, both

of which belong to the 43-member USOC. If nothing else, this surprising legislative defeat has drawn those fractious bodies closer together than ever. "We've never fought for anything as hard," says USOC Director of Communications Bob Paul. "Working to get the money restated in this bill is the first time we've ever had all our organizations aligned behind a single effort."

AU REYDIE, SAM

Since wily old Sam Pollock became general manager of the Montreal Canadiens 13 years ago, the team has won nine Stanley Cups, including the last three. Two weeks ago Peter and Edward Brodman sold the Canadiens to Molson Breweries for a reported \$23 million, which would indicate that Pollock's 55,000 shares of stock—roughly 55% of the team—were worth about \$1.25 million. Now Pollock, 52, is telling friends that he will retire from the Canadiens before the start of the upcoming NHL season. When Sam goes, the gap between Montreal and the other 16 teams in the NHL will close considerably—and Canadiens' stock may not be quite so valuable.

SEMI-ENDANGERED SPECIES

Eleven years ago the Federal government became concerned enough about the dwindling alligator population to declare the reptile endangered, thus making all hunting and trapping of alligators illegal. Months ago, however, the Department of the Interior demoted the alligator to the "threatened" list in Florida and certain other key areas in the South, which means that instead of being relocated in the Everglades and other unpopulated areas, "nuisance alligators" are killed by state-licensed trappers. According to game officials, over one two-month period 580 nuisance alligators were destroyed. Bristled George Campbell, head of the Southwest Florida Regional Alligator Association, "So a law finally works and they decide to take it off the books. That's like doing away with the 55-miles-

per-hour law because it's working too well; it's saving people's lives."

The Federal Register of July 25 also reports that the Fish and Wildlife Service has deregulated the Mexican duck, and will provide it with "a more appropriate level of protection" under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918. You may not be concerned about the fate of the Mexican duck, but *The Washington Post*, conscience of a grateful nation, is. In a recent editorial, the *Post* reported the following:

"This [Fish and Wildlife Service's decision] ... was based on the discovery that the great majority of Mexican ducks (*Anas diazi*) have been interbreeding with the common mallard (*Anas platyrhynchos*) and have thus protected themselves by producing the heartier duck [*Anas platyrhynchos diazi*]."

"The service found that '... all presently known methods of karyotyping, allozymic variation analysis and protein analysis would not provide sufficiently reliable insight as to the taxonomic relationship between *diazi* and *platyrhynchos*,' and that 'most of these methods have great difficulty in separating congeneric, let alone conspecific, taxa.' We agree."

And so do we. We think.

HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

Unlike most human beings, horses are fairly finicky about what they will put in their mouths. A bag of oats, a jug of water—it's easy to see why Omar Khayyám didn't write a lot of poems about horses. Give a horse a carrot, or even a wormy old apple, and he's happy, but just try to get one to spit an order of truffles and scrod with you, and see what it gets you. Heartache.

Lee's Best is the name of Trainer-Driver Virgil White's prize pacer, a 6-year-old gelding that White is campaigning at Louisville Downs. The horse eats oats and carrots, but what really sends him is to park a good-sized wad of chewing tobacco between his cheek and gum.

White was grooming Lee's Best one day not long ago, and when he reached for his pouch of tobacco to load up himself, the horse began nuzzling the pack. "I just took a good fingerful out and handed it to him," says White, "and he just ate it up. Now when I get a pack out or have it anywhere near him, he expects a chew of tobacco. It makes no difference to him whether it's Red Man or Union

continued

Workman. That's the two I normally chew. Whatever I've got, well, he's happy with it."

Lee's Best politely swallows the tobacco, and though he may drool occasionally, he never spits. Nevertheless, visitors to the backstretch have shown great interest in the horse's penchant for tobacco. "It kind of fascinates them," says White. "I tell them to step back because the chewing isn't so bad, but when he starts spitting you have to watch out."

Since White acquired the horse in a \$4,000 claiming race last March, he has been to the post 27 times, won eight races and finished in the money 16 more times. But White is careful never to give Lee's Best his chaw within 24 hours of a race.



because if nicotine shows up in the post-race urine test, White can be fined or suspended, and could lose his racing license. Besides, it takes that long for the horse to get the stains off his teeth in case he needs to have his picture taken in the winner's circle.

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

An amateur soccer player whose toupee slipped during a game sued its manufacturer in a Welsh court, claiming he had suffered pain and embarrassment. The judge was told that when Norman Bolland, a 32-year-old butcher from Overton, headed the ball, it pushed his "dream head of hair" over his eyes. On hearing the laughter of the other players, he ripped up the toupee on the spot. The toupee-makers agreed to an out-of-court settlement of £355, the only condition

being that Bolland give them back the pieces.

EMPIRE BUILDING

An event well worth noting—for a number of good reasons—took place at Syracuse University last week. It was called the Empire State Games—in effect, New York State's own cut-down version of the Olympics. Remarkably, the Games drew 4,817 participants, all legal residents of New York. That total, believe it or not, made the Empire State Games the largest Olympic-type amateur competition ever held in the U.S.—including the 1932 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles (which had 1,408 participants), the 1932 Winter Games at Lake Placid (307) and the recent National Sports Festival at Colorado Springs (2,165).

Even more significant than the number of athletes in Syracuse is the fact that they were only the *crème de la crème* of the Empire State competition—finalists selected after a series of statewide eliminations that began late last spring involving 50,000 participants. They ranged in age from eight to 76 and they competed in a 21-sport menu of events, Olympic in flavor, ranging from water polo to Greco-Roman wrestling, from team handball to field hockey.

Such a massive grass-roots effort to inspire wide and intensive interest in the sometimes esoteric events of the Olympics—and to spotlight potential Olympians while they are still in embryonic form—is, of course, routine behind the Iron Curtain. But this is the first time anything of this scope has been attempted in the U.S. True, the Empire State Games were not cheap: they cost \$625,000, which was appropriated by the state legislature. Yet it is hard to think of a better way to spend tax money on sports than through a program that involves so many thousands in such a variety of games. It is said that last week's event was only the first of a series of such games to be held in New York. With any luck, it is also only the first of a similar series in all of the other 49

LASIX

Over the years, the use of the drug Lasix, a diuretic used in sports primarily to control bleeding in horses, has attracted little attention at the nation's racetracks. However, it has been suspected of masking other drugs, and Maryland trainer Ray Vogelmann Jr. feels it is high time to

determine whether Lasix indeed does have this effect. "They're sure using something in Maryland," Vogelmann says.

"They're covering up something, something is wrong when I can take a good horse to New York to win a \$25,000 pot, then come down here and have the horse's socks knocked off in a race with an \$8,000 purse." The use of Lasix is permitted in Maryland but prohibited in New York.

Dr. Kenneth Fox, a Maryland veterinarian, disagrees with Vogelmann, calling his suspicion about Lasix "masking powers" "ridiculous and a hell of an accusation." Fox says, "The post-race urine tests are so accurate that drugs can be detected even with a 40-1 dilution."

Robert O. Baker, an owner of standardbreds and thoroughbreds, recently completed a study of the use of drugs in racing for the Illinois Hooved Animal Humane Society, which was skeptical about the use of Lasix. "According to Dr. Robert L. Hamlin, in a paper presented before the American Association of Equine Practitioners," he wrote, "one of the factors for ... increased performance is that many trainers deprive a horse of water and feed for a good period of time before a race, and this practice combined with the administration of Lasix can cause a horse to run mildly dehydrated, and thus, the horse is carrying less weight."

Dr. Hamlin further stated that it is ludicrous to consider that the compound is used only to prevent [bleeding]. It is obvious to me that the compound is given either because the veterinarian or the trainer or both consider the compound to facilitate performance."

As for Lasix's ability to mask other drugs, Baker writes, "According to ... authorities, Lasix will mask not only Butazolidin but even many other more dangerous drugs. The University of Kentucky, for example, found that Lasix can make the presence of powerful drugs like Methadone (narcotic analgesic similar to morphine) virtually undetectable."

Until the racing industry determines the truth about these important matters, its product will never be completely above suspicion.

HE SAID IT

● Jim Dickey, new Kansas State football coach. "Kansas State hasn't won a Big Eight championship in 40 years. I told them if I don't win a championship in that same length of time, I'll resign," and

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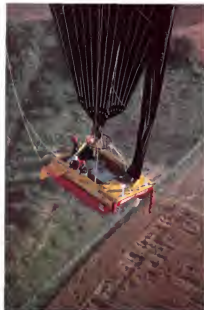


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ACROSS THE SEA TO GLORY

The sport of ballooning conveys a dreamy image to those innocents who stand on the ground and watch. To them, it is obviously an activity designed for lazy summer afternoons. One imagines the meadows and corn fields passing slowly beneath the gondola as the aeronauts drift along, the silence broken only by the pop of champagne corks. All of which is true in many cases. It is with long-distance ballooning that a harsher reality emerges—and no endeavor is as coldly real as an attempt to cross the Atlantic. Until last week nobody had ever made it.

Even in summer the winds are capricious enough to create hazards aloft, and the seas below can be the wildest in the world. Since 1958, five balloonists have died in the 11 attempts to cross the Atlantic. In 1970 Rod and Pamela Anderson and Malcolm Brighton set off aboard *Free Life* and were never seen again. In February 1974 Thomas Gatch disap-

Soaring above an airfield near Le Havre, Eagle follows Lindbergh's path, while in the gondola the crew has little left to throw overboard

peared with his cluster of 10 helium balloons. Most recently, in August 1974, Bob Berger set out from Barnegat Bay, N.J., crashed in the ocean and was killed. In the eight other tries the balloonists literally fell short, the closest attempt coming last month when two British balloonists went down 117 miles off the French coast. And then, on Friday, Aug. 11, up, up and away went *Double Eagle*.

Perhaps no team of balloonists has ever been better prepared or better advised than the three company presidents and pals from Albuquerque, Ben Abruzzo, 48, Maxie Anderson, 44, and Larry Newman, 30. Abruzzo and Anderson also had the sobering experience of having tried once before and failed: last summer they had ditched off the coast of Iceland.

But this time the aeronauts had lined up the most sophisticated communications system ever seen in this seat-of-the-

Braving ups and downs and surviving the dread cold sink, three Albuquerque balloonists rode their Double Eagle II to a historic Atlantic crossing

by CLIVE GAMMON

pants sport. Usually, Atlantic crossings—by balloons, yachts, rowboats or whatever, and always from west to east because of prevailing winds—rely on overflying aircraft to radio positions back home. Abruzzo, Anderson and Newman were hooked into a Nimbus 6 satellite, which transmitted their exact latitude and longitude to Goddard Space Center in Washington, D.C. They backed up that system with a private Learjet, with messages from commercial airliners, low-frequency radio reports and, at times, ham radio operators.

And then there was *Double Eagle II*. The rig cost some \$70,000 of the \$125,000 expedition budget. The principal feature of the rig was a black-and-silver nylon envelope rising 11 stories above a twin-hulled gondola-boat. The gondola itself was small, 6½ feet by 6 feet. "It's a closet if you stand it upright," says Anderson. Filled with 160,000 cubic feet of

continued



Le ballon! Le ballon! The cows don't care.

DOUBLE EAGLE *continued*

helium, the envelope was 65 feet in diameter, with the top portion painted silver to reflect the sunlight and stabilize the expansion of helium as it heated. (A helium balloon is far different from the hot-air variety. The latter is lifted as a propane burner heats air in the envelope and is for short hops only. Helium balloons, inflated with the lighter-than-air gas, are for long distances; control, such as it is, is accomplished by ballasting.)

The way Abruzzo, Anderson and Newman had it figured, *Double Eagle II* would not touch down on the first available European soil. They wanted to really nail down a world record by sailing across Ireland, across Wales, southern England and on into France, fetching up at Le Bourget on the outskirts of Paris, where Charles Lindbergh had ended his Atlantic crossing in 1927. With that in mind, they put a No. 50 on the balloon to mark the 50th anniversary of the *Spirit of St. Louis* flight.

Perhaps the most important factor in the adventure was Weather Services Corp. of New Bedford, Mass., which the balloonists retained. Its chief meteorol-

ogist, Bob Rice, says that meteorologists know less about their subject than any other scientists—and then dispels that image with a series of rapid-fire analyses. “Most flights fail because they deviate to the north or south,” he says. “The biggest fear is of an Azores high, which can grab a balloon and drift it south between the Azores and Portugal; the craft would continue south and west and never recover. So you look for a pattern that is going to minimize the Azores influence and also protect you from any push to the north, such as a mid-Atlantic storm can bring about. You need exactly the right components in a constantly changing weather pattern.”

While the aeronauts were parked in a clover field at Presque Isle, Maine, Rice set up his weather watch in New Bedford, and on Aug. 11 the components came together. “You think of storms as villains,” Rice says, “but a storm system developed southeast of Greenland, which was ideal for us. We felt the storm would track slowly at 12 to 15 knots instead of the usual 25 to 30, which meant that the balloonists could stay with it long enough, probably, to get across.” He flashed the word. Coordinator Jim Mitchell says, “The crew wasn’t exactly shot out of a gun when the call came, but they sure were bundled up and pushed through the door.”

At 5:35 p.m. *Double Eagle* started to inflate, its silver crest rising slowly in the air like the wrapper of a giant candy bar while the black nylon body trembled under the noise of the helium being released under pressure from tanks. The crew clambered aboard and, two hours behind schedule, took off. There was one agonizing dip after 3,000 yards, but then the *Double Eagle* stabilized itself and shot upward on a northerly course for New Brunswick. Loaded into the gondola with the balloonists were 600 pounds of lead and 5,450 pounds of sand for ballast.

The 5,000 or so who were on hand for the takeoff were suitably impressed, with one exception. That was Merle Sprague, who had rented his clover field to the balloonists for \$100 after Anderson had knocked at his door one day to ask about it. Sprague, who has two cows and grows hay, clover and vegetables, cast a doubtful New England eye on the proceedings. “Something always happens and it probably will now,” he said. Someone pointed out that Sprague would become part of history if the flight succeeded. “I don’t

think it will,” he said. In fact, his main concern was the clover patch being trampled by the most folks since John F. Kennedy had campaigned there in 1960. The more he thought about it, the more Sprague reckoned that he had rented it too cheaply. (He was later to relent and allow that it was worth it; he said his clover field had put Presque Isle on the map.)

By Saturday morning *Double Eagle* had crossed Prince Edward Island, although, as happens with Atlantic attempts, most of the world was blissfully unaware of the flight. By Monday evening, Aug. 14, the balloon was sailing along some 600 miles northeast of St. John’s, Newfoundland, with Abruzzo, Anderson and Newman suffering the sting of intense cold in the open gondola. (On their previous attempt, Abruzzo had developed severe frostbite and had vowed never to take such a foolhardy trip again.) Meanwhile, a new storm system had developed east of Newfoundland, right behind them. And by late Tuesday came perhaps the most crucial decision of the flight.

“We felt strongly that they needed to



get to a higher altitude," says Rice. "We figured if they continued low, at about 13,500 feet, they would get themselves into a westerly system; they were too close to the storm. At the same time, we realized that it would be very difficult for them to maintain themselves at 21,000 to 23,000 feet in subzero Fahrenheit temperatures, even though there would be no wind sensation since they would be traveling at wind speed. And we also knew that up there in their own little micro-climate the natural inclination would be for them to drop to a more comfortable altitude. So that was it. We radioed them, figuring that even if we didn't get them they would probably reach the same decision on their own, since we had gone over this point several times."

The message got through, and up went *Double Eagle*. "It was the difference between 40 Fahrenheit and minus 16," says Anderson. "and, oh, how you shiver. We had learned from going into the ocean on our first flight that you don't wear down-filled clothes; they soak up the water if you have to ditch. So it was wool

or cellulose. We happened to be wearing, it's ironic, Icelandic sweaters."

The three balloonists were the kind of ethnically mixed team that delighted the makers of World War II movies. Abruzzo is the ebullient Italian who bubbles over with conversation. Anderson is the Nordic, quiet-spoken and reserved. Newman is the young Jewish lad who is a must in every such cast. In the true movie-script spirit, their wives had packed olives for Abruzzo to munch on, sardines for Anderson ("You have to remember to wipe off your mouth before you put on your oxygen mask") and bagels and lox for Newman.

All of which went overboard when Rice flashed the alert to climb. "It isn't the simple 'chuck some lead over the side' operation that you might think," says Anderson. "When the sun goes down, or the balloon drifts into a cloud, the helium contracts inside the envelope, the balloon loses lift and it descends. You must throw over the appropriate amount of ballast to control the drop. The procedure takes as long as two hours because we have to do it cautiously, by feel

After all, it's the only way we have of navigating. During the two hours of nightly ballasting we were so busy there was very little talk."

And then came Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 16, with *Double Eagle* almost 120 hours out of Merle Sprague's clover patch. They were at 21,000 feet over the Atlantic, drifting at a lovely 14 knots toward the coast of Ireland. They had already beaten the continuous flight-time record of 107½ hours set in 1976 by Ed Yost of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., another Atlantic adventurer who had ultimately ditched 700 miles off Portugal. And by their reckoning, the crossing would be achieved by 7:30 p.m. At that moment they hit the cold sink.

A cold sink sounds like an evil entity out of Tolkien. For balloonists, it is, in fact, evil enough: the cold mass into which the balloon drifts obscures the sun and causes the craft to lose its heating capability. Altitude is lost, both suddenly and dangerously. Anderson recalls how beautiful the cloud deck looked as they hit it. "The afternoon sun was shining right on it. But then it was as if we had

continued

After landing in a wheat field 60 miles from Paris, *Double Eagle II* was swarmed over by souvenir hunters, some of whom chewed off hunks of fabric.





There may be a monument in *Moon Copacabana's* wheel fluid one day, but first Thursday only a patch of the silver nylon balloon marked the historic landing site.

DOUBLE EAGLE continued

suddenly gone into a whirlpool. The balloon came right down from 22,000 feet—maybe it could have been as high as 24,000 feet at the time—to 4,000 feet. We thought it was all over. In fact, if we had penetrated the cloud deck, if we had sunk right through it, that would have been the end of the flight. We would have been held there in the shadow and we couldn't have risen again. We would have gone into the ocean. But there was an open spot in the cloud deck—one open spot—and we hit it. Even at that, we had to grab hammers and axes, we almost ripped the gondola apart to reduce weight. We had already thrown over most of our sand and lead ballast, now we tore everything out of the gondola. We threw our sleeping bags out; everything. As we plummeted down, we were all scared stiff."

Two hours elapsed before the envelope picked up enough heat from the sun to raise them to a safer altitude. And then, when darkness came, the equipment

started to ice. But at 10 p.m., *Eagle* was over Ireland and history had been made.

When the balloon reached the Irish coast, sailing along in the darkness, the news media, indifferent at the start of the crossing, were beginning to respond. In fact, the whole world woke up to the adventure. At dawn next morning, when *Double Eagle* reached the coast of south Wales, thousands of people were waiting for it. Now brought down to 11,000 feet, it was clearly visible through the early morning light. Ken Barnett, an auxiliary coastguardman at Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, spotted it at 5:30 a.m. "It looked strange," he said, "a silver bull in the sky, like an inverted pear. It was a beautiful morning. The rising sun made the silver glow red and pink."

Double Eagle continued sailing along across the Bristol Channel and southern England. More thousands, many still in their nightclothes, came out to watch it floating south. A British Airways Concorde radioed a welcome. As the balloon crossed the French coast at Le Havre, local radio programs were interrupted by

messages broadcast from the balloon, and the aeronauts' three wives, who had been waiting in London, flew alongside waving hello from a light aircraft. The spirit of Lindbergh was much invoked. At Deauville, racegoers at the horse track trained their binoculars on *Double Eagle II* as the balloonists tried to make up their minds whether or not to land there. They decided to press on.

It was 4:30 p.m., and the possibility of reaching Le Bourget was on their minds. By this point even the electronic gear had been jettisoned, except for one radio: all the computing equipment they had used on the way over was gone, even Larry Newman's hang glider, on which he had planned to make a final descent. A little food, some water and a few bags of ballast sand was all that was left.

"We tried to vector them into Paris using different wind levels," Bob Rice says, "but we just ran out of time. That was only the frosting on the cake, anyway." Now, as the three balloonists tried to make their final objective, they dumped the last of the ballast sand over

Route Nationale 13, which was already jammed with cars tracking them. And finally, at 7:49 p.m. last Thursday evening, they gently settled in the middle of Mme. Rachel Coquerel's wheat field at Miserey, near Evreux, some 60 miles northwest of Paris.

It is safe to say that the Coquerels were about the only folks in France not entirely delighted by the touchdown. Surveying her trampled wheat, 3½ acres of it ripe for harvesting, Mme. Coquerel said, "How can I put this nicely? Who is going to compensate us for our wheat?" And as she wondered, the balloonists clambered out of the gondola to be surrounded by a crowd so hysterical that some even used their teeth to tear away souvenir fragments of *Double Eagle II*.

The roads surrounding Miserey had been clogged for half an hour before the landing. "As we came down," says Abruzzo, "the sun was shining, and all around were fields, beautiful fields, with thousands of people pouring into them. As soon as we touched ground, we were surrounded. I was pleased and satisfied to be on the ground but I was sad, too. We wanted to make Le Bourget, but the winds just weren't favorable. We were only 50 miles short. But we did cover 3,000 miles or so in six days, we set the world distance record and we crossed the Atlantic. We can't complain."

Maxie Anderson says, "There was no problem about the landing itself, only about the spectators. They were crazy. They were more excited than we were. They just rushed on top of the balloon and started to tear it to pieces. I suppose there is nothing left of it now. We were nearly crushed to death in the crowd. We had to fight our way through, and the French army helicopter that picked us up only cleared them away by starting its engine. We're not complaining, though. We're delighted everyone is so happy and we're delighted to be back on the ground. It makes so much difference to the way you feel. We took turns sleeping, but there was damn little room. It was so cold that no one could sleep very long in case he froze to death."

By the time the helicopter arrived there were already 5,000 Frenchmen in Mme. Coquerel's wheat (Horribly for her, there is now a suggestion that a mon-

ument be erected in the middle of the field. Is there no respect anywhere for growing crops?). The next stop was French customs at Le Bourget, where the three men discovered that somehow their passports were missing, either tossed overboard with the ballast or lost in the brouhaha at Miserey. The technicality was overlooked; the U.S. Embassy indicated it would issue them passports.

The three aeronauts and their wives were quartered in the residence of the U.S. Ambassador on the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré—where Larry Newman pulled the short straw to decide who would sleep in the bed occupied by Charles Lindbergh 50 years before.

The frenzy of "Le Ballon" continued in Paris over the weekend. Bartenders invented cocktails for the occasion, with one popular balloonists bomb containing one part vodka, one part Grand Marnier, a shot of bourbon and a dash of grenadine, all flamed with cognac. (Not to be outdone, Ned's El Portal Lounge back in Albuquerque offered a *Double Eagle Special*: rum, peach brandy, Galliano and a dash of cream.)

To hear the folks in Albuquerque tell it, they had been confident all along. A local seer calling himself Agonistes Ramu said that he had conjured a "picturization" of the three men crossing the Atlantic and landing "with all the people

shouting their hurrahs." In particular, he pointed out, Abruzzo was in just the right cycle. And New Mexico Governor Jerry Apodaca declared lavishly, "Through your gallant efforts you have set a record in the great tradition of the conquistadores who centuries ago ventured out conquering new frontiers."

More fun is planned for the heroes' return, including a ticker-tape parade in Albuquerque, although nobody is entirely sure where the ticker tape is going to come from or how it is going to be showered down from a dizzy height, a near impossibility in a city where the buildings are mostly two-story adobe structures.

The balloonists would not be heading home for a few days at least, although when they do they will move fast, having accepted a free trip aboard an Air France Concorde. And now they have other plans. The idea came to Abruzzo in the middle of the night on Thursday, when you would have expected him to be deeply asleep. How about circumnavigating the world by balloon à la Jules Verne's *Phileas Fogg*? Thirty days is what it should take, he reckons. Anderson is not entirely dismissive. "All great projects start as ideas," he points out.

"*Ces merveilleux four volants*," *Figaro* called them last week: those marvelous flying idios. Around the world? They're just crazy enough to make it. **END**



Anderson, Abruzzo and Newman acknowledge cheers of the crowd before heading for Paris

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE WORST KIND

When Affirmed cut off Alydar in the backstretch of the Travers, he became a loser even though he finished first

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Years from now arguments will still be raging about what really happened on that August afternoon at Saratoga in the 1978 Travers, the oldest continuously run stakes race in the country. This much is sure: Affirmed, the Triple Crown champion, lost for the first time this year because of a foul, and Alydar, who was declared the winner, was this close to being killed. Moreover, Laffie Pincay Jr., an outstanding jockey, may be remembered longer for his controversial ride in the Travers than for his thousands of winners. And Laz Barrera, Affirmed's trainer, was so upset that he virtually accused Angel Cordero, who rode Shake Shake Shake, one of the two other horses in the race, of conspiring to interfere with Affirmed so that Alydar could win.

For two months Saratoga Springs had reeled itself for the 109th Travers, where Affirmed and Alydar, one of the best animal acts in history, would be presented for the 10th time. Pincay was to be aboard Affirmed only because his regular jockey, Steve Cauthen, had been injured in a spill at Saratoga on Aug. 9, just one day after riding Affirmed to a spectacular victory by a half length over Sensitive Prince in the Jim Dandy, a prep for the Travers.

But Pincay had ridden Affirmed twice before, once at Hollywood in 1977 and at Santa Anita this spring when Cauthen was sitting out a suspension, and both times he had won. Nonetheless, it was suggested that Affirmed without Cauthen was like Silver without the Lone Ranger, and in the days leading up to the Travers, a lot of people were asking the same question: "How much will the loss of Cauthen hurt Affirmed's chances?"

Three days before the race Alydar's trainer, John Veitch, said, "I was certain that Sensitive Prince would go into the

Travers after he had run so well against Affirmed in the Jim Dandy. When Allen Jenkins decided this morning not to enter Sensitive Prince, it came as quite a surprise. I figured Sensitive Prince would run with Affirmed from the start and that might allow Alydar to lay up close to both of them and then make his big run through the stretch.

"Without Sensitive Prince to help, we'll have to come up with another plan. About the only thing I can think of is to force Pincay into a tactical error, to catch him asleep someplace along the line."

The desperate battles the two horses had fought in the Triple Crown races, as well as their tough races against each other as 2-year-olds, were working on the nerves of both Veitch and Barrera.

"Won't this ever end?" Barrera asked one morning. "He always come back and fight again. The record is seven wins for Affirmed and two for Alydar. If this was boxing, he wouldn't get no more shots at the title. For a young man who is supposed to be a good trainer, Veitch certainly say some stupid things. He always say he has a new way to beat Affirmed. What new way? Seven out of nine and four losses in a row to Affirmed don't show me any new way."

Barrera looked at the past performances of Shake Shake Shake and frowned. "He run for \$16,000 claiming price in Puerto Rico in January," the trainer said, "and then he win some allowance races. It don't look to me like he belong in the Travers."

An hour before post time fans started to gather by the white-fenced paddock behind the clubhouse, standing four deep and stretching all the way out to the racetrack. The paddock itself was choked with owners, trainers, media people and assorted swells and politicians. Affirmed, magnificent in appearance, calm in demeanor, walked into the ring first and received a hand. After Affirmed, Shake Shake Shake and Nasty And Bold went into the paddock, finally Alydar entered. As he was being applauded the first flash of odds appeared on the tote board. Surprisingly, Alydar was the favorite at 1 to

2 with Affirmed 9 to 5. By post time, 30 minutes later, Affirmed was 3 to 5, Alydar was even money.

At the start, Shake Shake Shake and Cordero broke quickly from the gate but were unable to steal off to a decisive lead. Affirmed remained close, and although Alydar was taken back to last place by Velasquez, he was never far behind. It appeared that Affirmed, with his speed, could move out ahead anytime he wanted, but Shake Shake Shake stayed with him. After a couple of furlongs, Shake Shake Shake began to bear out, pushing Affirmed farther from the rail. With a half mile remaining, Affirmed was in front, but Velasquez, seeing that a slot was opening along the rail and certain that this was the fastest part of the track, steered Alydar up on the inside.

Pincay, seemingly convinced that Alydar would run at him from the outside, appeared to panic when he saw Velasquez coming on the inside. He headed Affirmed toward the rail and shut Alydar off. At that moment, Alydar was within a neck of Affirmed. As Affirmed veered in, Velasquez yanked on the reins, violently twisting Alydar's head. The jockey was nearly pitched from his horse, Alydar, upon being pulled up so abruptly, struck the rail and lost his action, dropping six lengths behind. Somehow Velasquez got him back in gear and running once more around the turn and into the stretch, closing the gap to only a length. But he could get no closer, and at the finish Affirmed was 1 1/4 lengths in front.

Immediately the "inquiry" light was flashed and the stewards looked at the race film. It showed Pincay's move to the rail to be so sudden as to stop Alydar cold—a flagrant foul. "I thought I was going down," Velasquez said later. "I was in a very, very bad spot. I just lost my right iron and didn't think I'd be able to get myself straightened out."

When the two horses returned to the front of the stands, the crowd didn't know what to think. It certainly wasn't the race it had come out in record numbers to see. Affirmed was disqualified and placed second, while Alydar's number was punched up on the tote. Boos resounded. Veitch accepted congratulations and quickly left the winner's circle.

He looked at his horse as he was being led back to the stable. Alydar had a bruise on his right front leg and cuts on both front legs. Veitch was furious.

"Pincay should get 30 days on bread and water," he fumed. "I think he knew he blew the race and panicked. There is no place on a racetrack for any rider who does that. No, I'm not happy winning this way. It's hollow as hell. Do you realize that one of the best horses to come along in years was almost killed out there in front of the biggest crowd in Saratoga history?"

Pincay, naturally, was all innocence. "I did not think there was enough room for him to get through," he said. "He was going through a blind spot."

Barrera sat in his box watching the ninth race. He was livid and he intimidated strongly that Cordero and Velasquez, two close friends, had conspired to get Affirmed beaten. "Alydar don't got no business to be in there on the rail if he don't know Cordero going to open inside for him," Barrera said. "My horse was head and head with Cordero's horse and all of a sudden the other horse took my horse out and delivered [the rail] to Alydar."

Cordero denied the charge. "My horse was bearing out almost all the way around," he said. "Barrera can say whatever he wants to say. All you have to do is look at the film."

"I don't plan to run no more against Alydar," Barrera said.

Veitch read an account of Barrera's remarks in the dusk by his barn as he watched Alydar being cooled out. He read it at least three times, thought and said, "That's chicken. If Alydar is O.K. he'll be in the Marlboro Cup. Who the hell is Barrera to say that Velasquez couldn't go on the inside? Does he own the race track?"

Thus the Affirmed-Alydar rivalry has taken on a new dimension. The two horses are almost certain to meet again, for both are pointing for the same races: the Marlboro Cup, Woodward Stakes and the Jockey Club Gold Cup in the fall at Belmont Park.

It took an hour and a half for Velasquez to get through the traffic and back to Alydar's barn. The jockey carried a bottle of champagne with him to celebrate the victory, but it was never opened. Jorge stood in front of Alydar's stall and talked to the horse. "We're going to get him next time," he said. "It's a shame we couldn't have done it on our own. You were going to beat him. This way is the worst way for the thing between you and Affirmed."

END



Roaring back after the foul, Alydar made a gallant effort to pass front-running Affirmed outside



AN ILL WIND THAT BLEW NO GOOD

The dream was dying hard for Diana Nyad last week. Her Cuba-Key West swim was all but over, and now, with the dawning of the third, impossible day, and with her mind a blur from too little sleep and too much pain, she saw her friends' tears and heard their words, but she understood neither. "Everything went wrong," head trainer Margie Carroll sobbed to her. "You swam for 42 hours, but the wind pushed us too far west, and I'm so sorry, Diana, but I'm telling you now that you're not going to make it."

"But couldn't I keep going?" Nyad pleaded, shivering despite the 85° temperature of the Gulf Stream. Her words were barely intelligible; her tongue and lips were swollen from the salt water. "If I swam for 40 more hours, couldn't I make it then?"

"It can't be done, Diana," said Rich du Moulin, her co-navigator. "The wind is too strong against you, the waves are

too high, and three of the four engines on the shark cage are dead. No swimmer could make it now, not even you." He spoke softly, as if to a child.

"But I can't quit. Isn't there some other place to swim for, some island maybe?"

"There is no other place, Diana. Key West is still the closest point, and it's 60 miles away."

She bobbed weakly in the 20' x 40' shark cage, a look of resignation growing in her puffy features, and finally she was saying over and over, "I wanted to make it so much. . . . I tried so hard. . . . I've never done anything so hard in my whole life." Her friends reached down to embrace her, and one said, "We're so proud of you, Diana." They lifted her gently from the water, her hands dan-

gling down, bleached bone white and deeply furrowed. Applause broke out, and someone remarked, "She's the only thing in this project that worked." The phrase hung in the air.

"My own private Olympics," Nyad had called the swim, and she trained for a year, as if she were a one-woman Olympic team. Her plan was to start from Cuba in mid-July, when the winds usually are light and the waves in the Florida Straits smaller. But there were some procedural problems with the Cuban government and the swim was delayed. So it wasn't until Sunday, August 13, that she stood on Oropesa Beach, about 50 land miles west of Havana, 130 sea miles southwest of Key West, her destination. Her trainers and support crew scurried about, yet Nyad looked incredibly alone. She stared

Diana Nyad failed to swim from Cuba to Key West when adverse winds, whipping up huge swells, forced her out of the water **by DAN LEVIN**

Nyad's \$42,000 cage protected her from sharks, but intensified the turbulence of the water

at the choppy shallows and at the wind-blown mangroves, and she seemed to hesitate. But finally, vacantly, she said, "I guess I'll see you all in about 2½ days." Then she waded in to her waist and began a quarter-mile swim to the self-propelled shark cage, named "Cleopatra," which had cost a queenly \$42,000 to build and which was now waiting offshore. It was 2:07 p.m.

She would swim north to the Gulf Stream, cut diagonally across it as it swept her eastward, and emerge from it on its other side, just offshore from Key West. It seemed that simple. But a north-east wind was blowing to 15 knots and more. It gusted across the open front of the cage, sending three-foot waves smacking into Nyad's face. They came off the inside of the pontoons on the cage, knocking her from side to side. Her navigators altered course slightly to the west, placing the cage more nearly parallel to the waves, waiting impatiently for the wind to die. But the bulky shark cage, which was powered by four 75-hp. outboards, was now moving at less than two knots, and it caught the wind like a sail. Although she could not know it, Nyad was heading more and more to the west, causing one frustrated crew mem-

ber to wonder about a Cuba-Mexico swim.

The wind, which was supposed to die at dusk, blew into the night, and Nyad screamed as poisonous jellyfish washed against her arms. Her trainers bathed the stings with ammonia, but she was losing strength—from pain, from vomiting up her hourly feedings, from battling the waves. She shivered when she momentarily stopped swimming. She began to swim breaststroke and backstroke, slowing to only a mile an hour. "My God," she called out, "if it's this bad after only 12 hours..." At 2 a.m. her trainers fed her chicken soup, but she threw it up. The waves rose to four feet and Nyad said, "This is the worst night of my life."

At 4 a.m. her trainers played Simon and Garfunkel on a tape deck, the music blaring into the night, and Nyad said to an astonished trainer, "Joe DiMaggio, a nation turns its lonely eyes to you." That means there are no more heroes, right?"

"Make this swim and you're it," Margie Carroll told her.

As day broke, she asked for chicken and Perrier water with dextrose, and she held it down. Now, energized by the rising of the sun and of her blood sugar, she swam strongly into Monday.

The press was waiting to spread the word. In addition to the shark cage, seven boats had been with Nyad from the

start: two from Cuba and five others, carrying trainers, crew, and approximately two dozen U.S. journalists. There may be better distance swimmers in the world, but none as adept at press relations as Nyad, or at fund raising—\$150,000 for this swim alone.

Early Monday morning, perhaps sensing the troubles ahead, Nyad had asked, "Are we going anywhere? Can we reach Florida in 60 hours?" She was told, "Yes, it's still possible," and she plowed on. But her trainers were afraid she knew the truth.

At her next feeding, she pointed to her tongue and moaned, "I can't eat anything." Candace Lyle Hogan, her roommate and one of her trainers, crumbled chicken meat and pushed it into Nyad's swollen mouth, like a mother bird. Nyad asked her, "Tonight won't be as bad as last night, will it? I couldn't stand anything like last night."

"Well, we'll just see," Hogan replied.

Suddenly Nyad raised her hands. "I thought I saw a barracuda in the bottom of the cage," she said.

"There are no barracudas here," Hogan assured her.

The trainers exchanged troubled and sad glances.

A voice called, "Diana, you've done 53 miles."

It was the wrong thing to say.

continued



After battling wind and waves for 42 hours, an exhausted Nyad, her lips swollen from the salt water, was ferried from the shark cage to a waiting boat

"Is he serious, Candace?"
 "No, he doesn't know."
 Nyad swam a few strokes and stopped. "He's not serious about 53 miles, is he? That's less than halfway."
 "Well, we don't know," Hogan said.
 "Maybe he's right if you don't know," Nyad said, crying. "Fifty-three miles? That means it will take me a hundred hours, and I've only gone 28."
 An hour later, stopping to eat, Nyad said, "I don't want to be told anything about miles. But do you think it's still possible I can do it in 60 hours?"
 "It's still possible," said du Moulin, an experienced ocean sailboat racer.

"You mean it might be more than 60?" He nodded his head.
 "The current is good and the wind is bad," du Moulin said, "but it will quiet down as we get closer to Florida. And the waves should get smaller tonight. You're doing very well."
 Nyad swam on but soon she stopped again, pointed to her mouth and said, "Candace, I have to see a doctor."
 "I was talking to a doctor today," Hogan said, "and he assured me your tongue will be normal in a few days."
 But Nyad was crying again. "Tell me what he really said. It's bull about how far I've gone. How much more is there?"

"Boy, you're a smart cookie," Hogan told her. "But don't you worry. We'll have someone look at that mouth. Now let's get going. You're still strong and you should be proud." Nyad vomited and swam off.
 At 8 p.m. Monday the wind was gusting to 18 knots. The ocean swells were huge, some of them to seven feet, but Nyad plodded on, stopping now and then to announce that there were lizards in the bottom of the shark cage. Finally she observed that the cage had turned into a cave, with stalactites and stalagmites.
 At 7 a.m. Tuesday the swells were up to eight and nine feet. A rubber boat left

continued



Relentless John Kinsella broke the record for the 31-mile swim across a stormy Lake Ontario.

THE MACHINE CRANKS UP

Had there been some concern for the human gastric condition, last week's \$50,000 Pepsi Challenge marathon swim would have been held almost anywhere other than Lake Ontario, whose churning waters consigned countless breakfasts to the deep. A 50-meter pool, for instance, would have been a great improvement even if the 31.55-mile distance would have meant swimming more than 1,000 laps. For in the longest professional marathon swim this season, distance was less daunting than dyspepsia.

Before the race ended, the nine determined entrants, who swam on a northwest heading from just outside Niagara Falls to Toronto also had to endure guide boats being blown off course in the dead

of night, cruisers that cruised too fast and a midmorning squall. But worst of all was the chop. From a glassy surface in the predawn darkness of the start, Lake Ontario became whitecapped after daybreak. So at the finish, after a lightning-laced thunderstorm had raised seven-foot swells and peppered the swimmers with hail, it was entirely fitting that the \$25,000 first prize was won by John Kinsella, 25, of the Chicago suburb of Oak Brook, Ill. who certainly has no stomachach for giving up.

A gold medalist in the 800-meter freestyle relay in the 1972 Olympics, Kinsella won in 13 hours, 49 minutes, thereby slashing an hour and 21 minutes off the old Lake Ontario crossing record set

by Canada's Cindy Nicholas in a solo swim in 1974. Claudio Plit of Argentina was second, 72 minutes and almost two miles back.

Kinsella's victory, in what he called "the toughest thing I've ever attempted," was his sixth in six marathon swims this year and his 21st in the two dozen distance races he has entered since he took up the sport in 1974. It also increased his swimming earnings for 1978 to \$43,000, which may make the 6' 4", 215-pound Indiana alum the top money swimmer since Esther Williams.

"If the price was right," said a fellow competitor, "John would swim the New York City sewer system."

"When I think about what he's try-

continued

Finding a good low tar is tough.



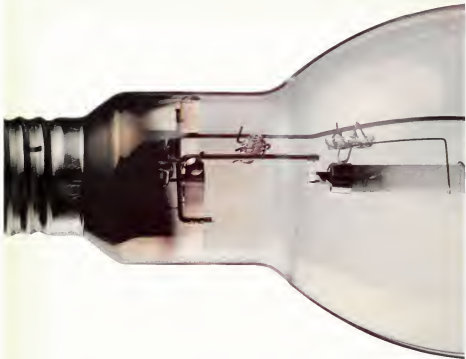
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the shark cage and headed for the press boats. The man in it said, "We want the reporters at the shark cage. We're way off course and we'll never make it, so we're taking her out." Soon after—41 hours and 47 minutes from when she set out—Diana Nyad was in a boat headed for Key West.

While Nyad was sleeping in Key West that night, two men were looking back at the swim and plotting her course.

They were du Moulin and Bob Tittle, captain of the *Best Revenge*, one of the press boats. "We never hit the Gulf Stream right," du Moulin said. "It's so complex, with side currents along the edges, and the wind stopped us at every turn." He concluded that Diana had gone 76.1 miles, though in a very circuitous fashion, first northwest, then north, then northeast, and finally, way to the southeast. She had been taken out of the water

only some 50 miles from the start and about 80 miles from Key West. Du Moulin and Tittle agreed that Nyad had the capacity to swim from Cuba to Florida.

Tittle spoke of how a more effective cage might be built. "It would have to be much less wind resistant," he said. "But get her out there in late June or early July, with no wind, and she could swim to Key West, jump on the dock and order a drink." END

KINSILLA continued

ing," Bob Silver, a newsman who was Kinsella's teammate at Indiana, said before the race, "it boggles my mind. A marathon run is no comparison. There's no change of scenery in swimming and, if you stop, there's nothing beneath you but 1,000 feet of water."

Stopping has never been Kinsella's specialty. At Indiana, where he became the first swimmer to break 16 minutes in the 1,500, he was nicknamed the Machine for his remarkable endurance. Kinsella credits his ability to withstand fatigue to Don Watson, his high school coach under whom he still trains, and Indiana Coach Doc Counsilman. "John doesn't like to rest," says his fiancée, Kathy Kalber. "Unless he asks a question, he doesn't interrupt his pace, and once he gets started, he doesn't like to take breaks."

"They gave me a real background in physical conditioning," Kinsella says, "so I'm able to take the brutality of the swim and push it on and on. I think the real key to being successful in marathon swimming is mental discipline, the ability to be convinced you're going to finish when you go in. Getting in the boat is not an option."

Depending on whom you listened to—the marine radio messages were often confusing—Kinsella led the race almost from the moment it started off Niagara-on-the-Lake, a tiny resort town west of Niagara Falls. The swimmers left at 2 a. m. Wednesday, shortly after Kinsella and Bill Hess, another former Hoosier, had worked down some peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and just before the six men and three women contestants had finished coating themselves with Vaseline, lanolin and axle grease.

Watson and Kathy Kalber were in the small Zodiac inflatable dinghy attending him. Their lead boat, taking its heading

from a Canadian naval vessel, was a cruiser named *My Fair Lady*, whose slowest speed was twice as fast as the Zodiacs were going.

"When they got a certain distance ahead," Watson said later, "we would signal them to do a full turn, and come back and pick us up again. That was the procedure we used all night."

During the cruiser's circling, Watson guided on a star, but at one point, when *My Fair Lady* went into an unannounced turn, Watson tried to follow, leaving Kinsella in the blackness. "I looked up and there was no boat," he said later, "and I started screaming frantically. 'Don, Don, where are you? What are you doing to me?'"

But until the storm broke, 90 minutes from the finish, Kinsella's worst moment came at midmorning when he was 12 miles into the race. That's when some spaghetti sauce from his dinner the night before made him violently ill. "I think I must have had food poisoning," he said, "because I was swimming well for quite a period of time, and then I got sick and vomited."

Kinsella's queasiness abated, but it prevented him from taking his midlake feedings of Nutrament with a raw egg washed down with Gatorade and glucose. At 1:05 p.m. Race Control announced that Kinsella was three miles from the finish and at 1:30 p.m. that he was two miles or less "and sprinting." Neither report was entirely accurate, but no one expected it would take Kinsella more than two hours to finish.

When he was within sight of the water-front breakwater, he encountered an adverse current and couldn't make any headway. "I think we spent an hour without moving once we came to that point," Watson said.

"I must have asked him 100 times,

'How much farther? How much farther?'" said Kinsella. "I was getting mighty sick of the water and the washing-machine effect."

Then the storm broke and whipped the lake to new fury. The wind blew Kinsella 400 yards off course, and a down-pour obliterated his vision. At one point it got so bad that Watson, not realizing it would have meant disqualification, threw Kinsella a rope, yelling, "Hang on to this!" Kinsella knew better, however, and continued to swim unaided.

Finally the storm passed. Kinsella swam the dogleg turn through the breakwater and headed toward the finishing dock as the sun broke out. Nine minutes later, it was all over. Kinsella touched the dock, rolled over, smiled, stood up, waved to the crowd and hung his tongue out like an exhausted St. Bernard.

Under the rules of marathon swimming, the rest of the field had three hours to finish once Kinsella touched the dock. Along with the 23-year-old Plit, three others completed the entire distance. In order, they were Plit's brother-in-law, Raul Villagomez of Mexico (15:09), Magdy Mandour of Egypt (15:19) and Hess (15:57), who finished as the storm's aftermath sent eight-foot waves crashing over the breakwater.

Why would anyone want to subject himself to the sustained agony of a marathon swim? "I get a lot of satisfaction out of being in good physical condition," Kinsella said, "but the most gratifying thing is that last 100 meters, when you know you're going to make it. You know you've surmounted the challenge and you're going to finish. You've got that dock ahead of you, and you touch it and feel your whole body relax. You can stand on solid ground."

A lot of folks in Toronto knew exactly what Kinsella meant. —RON REED

SPEED IS ALL THE RAGE

Buried under the avalanche of the billions of dollars the game has generated, football's order has collapsed and chaos reigns. The only constant in today's game is brutality, and it is being fostered, not quelled. The game has reached the point where only violence holds, and only the most violent and most ruthless can survive on the AstroTurf long enough to collect their outsize paychecks. . . . Monday night's game is a classic example. Cincinnati's quarterback and the team's best receiver were both "taken out"—Ken Anderson by a late shot and the receiver by an elbow to the face. Both blows were absolutely intentional, designed from their inception to violently incapacitate the two leading Cincinnati players. . . . These days, [brutality] is the strategy. . . . With the best players gone, the game is no contest. I'm giving it up, after 40 years."

—JOHN COLE, a rising star in the *Maine Times*, explaining last October why he was surrendering his place in front of the television set after a four-decade love affair with pro football.

In 1976 a 42-year-old professor of psychiatry at the University of California at San Diego wrote a book about his experience as an unpaid locker-room analyst for the San Diego Chargers. In *The Nightmare Season*, Dr. Arnold Mandell detailed the shocking use of amphetamines by professional football players

Where coaching stops, chemistry steps in with encapsulated fury. It's madness by JOHN UNDERWOOD

desperate to get any edge in a dog-eat-dog battle for dominance and dollars. The season was 1973; for a while, the nightmare was mainly Dr. Mandell's. His attempts to alert the National Football League to this monstrous situation, and to wean the players under his care from dangerous street "speed" by giving them prescription drugs backfired. In April of 1974 the NFL made (in Mandell's words) "sacrificial lambs" of the Chargers. At an awkward press conference, the league announced that it had fined and placed on probation the owner of the team (Eugene V. Klein), its general manager and coach (Harland Svare) and eight players and banned Mandell from further contact with players.

Unfortunately for the NFL, Mandell did not then shut up. Writing in *Psychology Today* in 1975, he said a "drug agony rages, silently as a plague, through the body of professional football," and that "a clumsy, ham-handed press conference at the end of the season would not solve a problem that is as occupational a disease in pro football as surely as silicosis is in mining."

When the upcoming pub- continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUZAK





lication of *The Nightmare Season* was announced in the fall of '76, Mandell says he was warned by Svare that "they"—he didn't say who "they" were—"would sue me or try to get my license."

The book came out.

And in September of 1977 the *Los Angeles Times* reported that Mandell said "the football industry persuaded the state of California" to take action against him for prescribing drugs illegally for non-medical purposes. Indeed, the state did take action, for whatever motive. After a 15-day hearing before an administrative officer, Mandell was found guilty of "overprescribing" drugs. He received a five-year probation but did not lose his license. His right to prescribe drugs was suspended.

When the decision was announced, psychiatrists and physicians across the country rallied around their colleague and launched Concerned Health Professionals for Mandell; a committee was

formed to fund his appeal and overturn the ruling (an appeal is forthcoming). The *Clinical Psychiatry News* wondered if the penalties were "retribution for his fight against drug abuse in professional football."

In a letter to the *L.A. Times*, Dr. Emory Zimmerman, a physician and a narcotics expert, said the NFL's "attempt to divert attention by promoting a courtroom dissection of Mandell destroys my confidence in [the league's] ability to deal with this difficult problem. The issue may be too important to be left in [the league's] hands. If drugs increase gate receipts, then the owners, as indirect pushers, are curiously close to the position [in which] they have placed Mandell. [For myself,] I have no further interest to watch drug-crazed men bloody each other on Sunday afternoon."

Despite being put on probation, Mandell continues his crusade. "I haven't done what I set out to do," he says,

"which is to get amphetamines out of football." He says they are "the single factor that causes unnecessary violence in pro football today"—not in low doses for fatigue or as appetite depressants, "but in enormous doses, as high as 150 milligrams. Higher than ever."

"People ask [NFL Commissioner] Pete Rozelle why so many quarterbacks went down last season from late and nasty hits. The answer can be found in the nearest pillbox. I'd be interested to see what would happen to the incidence of orthopedic surgery in the NFL if amphetamines were banned and everybody had to take a urine test before games."

The normal "diet" pill or capsule—Benzedrine, Dexedrine, Eskacrol—contains five to 15 milligrams of amphetamine. The prolonged, excited "high" from one pill is familiar not only to fat people but also to long-haul truckers and students cramming for examinations. Imagine what it is like, says Dr. Man-

If the game's administrators continue to be blind to football's faults, they may soon find that lawyers have taken over the sport they cherish



deli, to gulp down 30 pills at one time. "The result is a prepsychotic paranoid rage state," he says. "A five-hour temper tantrum that produces the late hits, the fights, the unconscionable assaults on quarterbacks that are ruining pro football. They're at war out there, and the coaches, even if they're not aware [of the drugs' effects], are the generals. Coaches know the game is ideally played in controlled anger. They hang up clip-pings, and talk vendettas. Players get half crazy anyway, and if 60% of them have their heads filled with amphetamines, the injury projection is enormous.

"For the player in this state the negotiation of rules becomes highly complicated, and easily broken if the referee isn't looking. That's when you get the elbows, the hands being stepped on, the knees in the face, the kicking."

Mandell's expertise is in biomedical and pharmacological psychiatry, with 22 years in research, 18,000 hours treating

patients. He has written six books and 230 articles in his field. He serves on the editorial board of 11 scientific journals, is past president of the Society of Biological Psychiatry and has received several federal grants, including \$500,000 during the last six years for a study of the effects of amphetamines on the brain.

In short, Mandell may be naive but he is no quack, nor is it likely that he is the irresponsible drug dispenser the NFL sought to have him appear. A wiry 5' 6", 14-mile-a-day jogger with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a sunburst of curly hair, he has an easy manner that ingratiated him to the Chargers. They called him Arnie and entrusted to him their deepest secrets. He became a close friend of Svare.

Mandell says it took him almost a year to "realize what was going on." He now calls it "The Sunday Syndrome."

"Ordinarily, most football players are warm, loving, decent human beings," Mandell says. "They aren't drug addicts.

They have to convert themselves to attain a state of hair-trigger readiness. For a while, I thought it was pure physiology, a group of men who somehow had this capacity.

"They'd come in on Sunday morning, lighthearted and well dressed. No signs. Gradually they'd begin to change. About 11 o'clock the tension would start to rise. Some would get loud and boisterous, and become more obscene. Others would withdraw, staring. Some would pace in repetitive turns. Those are all signs, together with a wider-based gait, an added clumsiness.

"The second time I went through the tunnel to the field, I accidentally hit the elbow of an offensive tackle I knew pretty well—a bright guy, a nice guy. He banged me into the wall. Really unloaded on me. Later he apologized. That year we played at Houston, and one of the sweetest guys on the defensive teams—I'll never forget—was literally drooling.

continued



It was [Quarterback Dan] Pastorini's first year with the Oilers. The guy said, 'A rookie quarterback! It's like letting me into a candy store!'

"Amphetamines in large doses produce a paranoid psychosis. That means the guy doing the damage actually thinks the other guy is out to get him. It's Good Guys vs. Bad Guys. The quarterback, as the figurehead of the opposition, is the No. 1 Bad Guy. It's open season on him. I laugh when NFL players talk about the dangers of synthetic turf and helmets, and all the while they're permitting amphetamine-crazed athletes to go on the field and assault their quarterbacks. You expect to see the kind of thing that happened to Bradshaw last year. When he got speared in the back, it almost gave him whiplash."

Analgesics as well as stimulants, amphetamines mask pain—pain Mandell says would act at least as a partial deterrent to such mayhem.

"An enraged person who does not feel pain is a dangerous human being," he says. "not only to others, but to himself. Early on I had one player who lost 20 pounds over a weekend. He was coughing up blood before games. I asked him how he could play in such a condition. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a handful of 'black beauties'—street speed you buy in Tijuana. The next day he played super."

"This is not called stupid in the pros, it's called heroic. Amphetamines are controlled substances and therefore subject to stringent FDA regulations regarding their prescription, and their use without proper prescription is absolutely prohibited by the NFL. But even Fran Tarkenton has defended their use. In small doses, they give you the kind of work-

drug high you might want to increase efficiency. But in large doses that nervous alert becomes something else, a rage players feel they must have in a game that requires violent aggression at a precise point in time.

"Amphetamines are certainly psychologically, and possibly physically, addictive. The post-use depression is severe. Sexual appetite diminishes. Some suffer temporary impotence. But you can't tell a veteran player that there is another way. He says, 'Doc, I'm not about to go out there one-on-one against a guy who's grunting and drooling and coming at me with big dilated pupils unless I'm in the same condition.'

"Harold Svara told me amphetamines weren't new at all in the NFL. The Giants [for whom he played during 1955-60] 'used 'em, like baseball players use 'em today—in moderate doses, when we were tired or hung over.' I can see that. I'm not a prohibitionist. But along about the mid-'60s the doses began to increase, and kept going up. I won't tell you who said it, but one Charger told me, 'The difference between a star and superstar is sometimes the difference between a dose and a superdose.'

"The older the player, the more likely his dependence. He gets desperate. I was trying to get one guy to lower his dosage. He told me, 'It's easy for you to talk, Doc, but I'm making \$65,000 a year. If I lose this job, tomorrow I'm a bartender. I've got three kids, a home. . . .'

Mandell's evaluations coincide with the conclusion arrived at by Dr. L. Alan Johnson of San Diego in his doctoral thesis in psychology. Dr. Johnson's research

dates back to 1970 when he questioned 93 players from 13 NFL teams and found 56 (60%) admitted using amphetamines regularly, the majority at that time getting them from trainers, doctors or teammates, but some from the street. Dr. Johnson says he had to abandon the study when the NFL allegedly instructed players not to cooperate with him.

"Quarterbacks hardly take them at all," says Mandell, who has examined "more than 100" players. "Amphetamines restrain adaptive capacity. You don't think or reason as well. A quarterback needs mini-second adaptiveness. Running backs and wide receivers might take only small doses for the same reason. But in the trenches it doesn't matter. They don't need that kind of coordination. The big users are the defensive linemen."

Mandell says that when he realized people were "buying tickets to see speed freaks try to kill each other, the ugliness really upset me. I think if the average fan could spend a game on the sidelines, he wouldn't go anymore. Svara told me once, 'This isn't the game I grew up with on the Giants. This is a cruel, win-at-any-price thing, without fellowship.'

"I tried to alert the league in 1973. I proposed urine tests. They told me it was an invasion of privacy. The players wouldn't stand for it. Why not? They do it in European soccer. They've got rules against amphetamines in the Olympics. You could do it with a simple saliva test. You wouldn't have to test everybody, just two or three on each team. A spot check. If a test is positive, you go further."

"The NFL won't get involved because

The NFL steadfastly holds that the use of amphetamines by players is not widespread, but the public isn't buying it. For example, several times this year the subject has been killed in "Doonesbury."



it has to protect its image. I offered to conduct a workshop on amphetamines at an NFL team physicians' meeting in 1973. I got an invitation. A week before I was to go, Harland called and said Rozelle didn't want me there. That it was 'bad public relations.' Congress was going to have hearings in 1974. They got quashed."

The drug subculture that exists in sport has been examined by this magazine in the past, with expert testimony from men like Dr. Robert Kerlan, former team physician of the Los Angeles Dodgers (SI, June 23, 1969). Professional athletes, reflecting society as a whole, are well tuned to drug use, to the proposition they might need help to face extreme pain, or to mask it. Team physicians stuff them with codeine, pump their knees full of Xylocaine, shoot their inflamed joints with cortisone. Jim Lynch, the former Notre Dame and Kansas City Chiefs linebacker, says he found pro football such a "cold business" that he was not surprised by amphetamine use. "It's peer pressure. It's a badge of courage to play with pain, even if it's not always courageous. It can be stupid. But it's done because if you sit down you're an outcast."

The incidence of drug use in pro football, which is absurd to deny, is not the question here, however. The injuries it causes is the issue. Other doctors besides Mandell have spoken out. Dr. Donald Cooper of Oklahoma State has expressed in medical journals his concern over the "agitated, aggressive, sometimes paranoid behavior" of players high on amphetamines. "I've been on the sidelines in pro games where the physician watched a guy on his team jump offside

two or three times and said to me, 'I know that guy's problem—he's so high on amphetamines he can't see straight.' Sam Huff [the former All-Pro linebacker] told me the two times he tried them he got thrown out of the game for hitting late. He thought he was playing great."

The recent literature of pro football is laced with drug confessions. Chap Oliver (Raiders), Dave Meggessy (Cardinals) and Bernie Parrish (Browns) gave graphic accounts of amphetamine use. Johnny Sample (Colts and Jets) said "most pro football players eat pep pills like candy." Meggessy wrote that "most NFL trainers do more dealing in [amphetamines and barbiturates] than the average junky." He said the "violent and brutal player that television viewers marvel over on Saturdays and Sundays is often a synthetic product."

In *They Call It a Game*, Parrish said that when he and a teammate first tried amphetamines at the University of Florida, "We put some licks on people they won't ever forget. . . . Both the players and coaches were wondering what in the hell had got into us. . . . I never played another game in my college and professional career without taking either Dexedrine or Benzedrine." He said at the end he was up to 15 five-milligram tablets before each game "in the never-ending search for the magic elixir."

Although amphetamines are prohibited by the NCAA, Dr. Cooper says there is no telling how much speed is used by college players, but he knows it is available because "every exam week we get kids brought in who are zingy on them." There are indications of considerable use. Both Mandell and Johnson found that about 30% of the pros they studied took amphetamines in college.

Amphetamines aren't the only drug affecting football. Last year, the *Chicago Sun-Times* said the more affluent pro players now opt for cocaine and called it "perhaps the biggest drug problem facing sports today." But part of the problem with coke is what happens if the police catch you with it. Randy Crowder and Donald Reese of the Miami Dolphins were nailed trying to sell a pound of cocaine last year and have just been released from the DuDe County Stockade. Pittsburgh Defensive Tackle Ernie Holmes was found not guilty by an Amador jury that believed him when he said he didn't know that a souvenir silver bullet purchased "from a stranger in a restroom of a motel" contained cocaine. Although cocaine is generally used as an after-hours mellow, the *Sun-Times* said that players under its influence are known to have "ripped apart their lockers while working themselves into an aggressive mental state for a game." The newspaper said that among its other wondrous attributes, coke leaves no chemical traces, has a less profound downer effect than amphetamines and results in no loss of sex drive. But it does cost \$2,000 an ounce.

There is another cost players might well consider when they start filling their bodies with exotic chemicals as a means of getting "up" for games. That is the possible cost of their careers. So far, the users have also been the victims. Houston Ridge, a former San Diego defensive lineman, collected \$302,000 after settling a suit against the Chargers in which he contended, although it was never directly ruled upon, that he had "been so high on amphetamines" in 1969 he didn't even know it when he broke his hip. In January 1971 former All-Pro Guard Ken

continued



Gray filed two lawsuits charging that his former employers, the St. Louis Cardinals, and team trainers and physicians caused him to take "potent, harmful, illegal and dangerous drugs... so that he could perform more violently as a player." The cases were settled out of court for an undisclosed amount of money.

But what happens, says Dr. Cooper, when the users make someone else the victim? What happens when a defensive lineman high on speed clubs a quarterback into a coma and the quarterback sues? What happens then?

The NFL maintains a stiff upper lip through all this. There is no "drug crisis" in the NFL says Jack Danahy, director of security for the NFL. "Alleged drug use in the league has been overstated in the past," NFL Director of Information Joe Browne cites the league's "strong drug preventative program," which has been educating players since 1971, as well as weekly counts of pills distributed by team physicians and trainers. Amphetamines? "As far as we can tell," says Browne, "they are not taking amphetamines."

He says this even as Danahy allows that he doesn't believe the pros are into cocaine "in the same way they used to be into amphetamines"—that is, not as a stimulant before a game. Danahy also says the NFL has found "no need for urine tests. It's demeaning to our players and unnecessary in the absence of a drug crisis."

In his book *Broken Patterns*, no less a figure than Fran Tarkenton argues that despite the widespread use of "all sorts" of uppers in the NFL—not by him, by other players, "especially... defensive linemen [seeking] a final plateau of endurance and competitive zeal"—society is wrong to find fault, especially because society "turns around and accepts the fact that most great pop musicians are stoned out of their minds when they perform."

Tarkenton's defense begins to fray a little at the edges when the point is made that very few 275-pound pop musicians try to sit on 175-pound quarterbacks. Where it unravels completely for the NFL is when one realizes that if the problem is one-tenth as bad as Mandell makes it, the league is shockingly remiss in dealing with it. In view of the injury rate, it is a delinquency the NFL can ill afford.

Trial, a news magazine for lawyers, pointed out that the lack of expertise in

tracing the cause of injury in football today may be a crime. The magazine suggested a central registry of information.

That such information is not available is, if not criminal, a sad commentary on the good intentions of football. Despite the fact that it is our most injurious game, there is no national "center" for data, no computerized feedback to high schools, colleges and professional teams, no telling them that this or that ruptured tendon was caused by such-and-such a blow in the fourth quarter in the rain on a grass field in Bloomington, Ind. Worse, says Dr. William Clancy, the University of Wisconsin team physician and orthopedic surgeon, "No organized medical input is made to the medical adviser to the NCAA rules committee by the people who are the best authorities on injury. A lot of people who really don't know are making the input. Rules committees are afraid doctors will change the game."

A number of attempts by concerned medical men have been made to bridge this gap. Clancy is active in the American Orthopedic Society for Sports Medicine and in the American College of Sports Medicine. Sports medicine clinics, acting as centers for treatment and rehabilitation, are now operating all across the country. In some, such as Dr. Joseph Torg's clinic at the University of Pennsylvania, studies have been undertaken on head and neck injuries. But, at best, it is a disjointed effort, hampered by a flaw shared by the administrators of the game: seemingly, they don't care enough.

In 1974 Dr. Kenneth Clarke, then a professor of physical education at Penn State, formed the National Athletic Injury/Illness Reporting System (NAIRS) and funneled reports on 33 high school and college teams into the university's computer. His aim was to provide a "continuous awareness" of the definition of injuries, the degree of their severity and solutions they demanded.

The aim was high, the response low. For two years the research was funded mainly by sporting-goods manufacturers and grants from the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations and the NCAA. Last year Clarke computed 175 reports from high schools and colleges. NAIRS, in turn, furnished subscribers with monthly reports and a year-end summary. Clarke also kept tabs

on three NFL teams, but found "the league was not interested in our findings." He said that he had heard that NFL owners "didn't need any more data."

Dr. Clarke is now at Illinois. Penn State still provides computer time for NAIRS, and Clarke still gets nominal support from sporting-goods manufacturers for a shrinking staff that consists of two part-time paid graduate assistants and a secretary. Clarke himself is not paid. He is "very discouraged." The NCAA continues to put money into the program by the teaspoonful—a \$1,500 grant last year—and without more funding Clarke "doubts the program will go on much longer."

He says his is a "realistic discouragement" because the commitment to keep injury records "has never been part of our sports heritage." He says, "Our concept of sport is that everybody is an expert, therefore we don't need all these sophisticated studies. It's an attitude problem."

A similar opinion was expressed as a result of the Stanford Research Institute 1975 report on injuries in the pros, which cost the NFL \$35,000. SRI's executive director, Joe Grippo, says a comparable study would cost the NCAA "around \$100,000." That is about one tenth of what one team will get in next year's Cotton Bowl. But Grippo says he doesn't think the NCAA wants to put out that kind of money. "They get a lot of free labor doing things the way they've been doing them," he says.

The NFL has not updated its study, unless you count its weekly rundown of injuries. That list is not for medical study. It is intended for coaches and bettors.

Why would a multimillion-dollar-a-year business that dispenses volumes of information on every aspect of play—and can tell you not only how tall Kenyan Stabler is but also how many passes he threw in the second quarter of an exhibition game—not bother to update something as important as a study of the whys and wherefores of its injuries? Because, says Jan Van Duser, NFL director of personnel, "We feel that future studies would give us the same results. Rules, playing surfaces and the number of players have not changed that much."

Right, says the SRI's Joe Grippo. "Without dynamic changes in rules or conditions," he says, "it would be a waste of their money to update every year. We told them so. We don't like

continued

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to do research for the sake of research. They'd get the same results."

Thus an ironic syllogism: the study found ways to curtail injuries through change; no change was made; ergo, why make any more studies?

Grippo believes that "labor problems in the NFL" have created a reluctance to face up to the problem. "They [players and management] have been at each other's throats for three years. They're afraid to tamper with the underpinnings of the game. You need player harmony to make sweeping changes."

The NFL player strike of 1975 accomplished two things other than the inflation of a left guard's value on the open market: it raised the level of distrust and militance between owners and players, and it made players more aware of the dollar value of their broken bones. As attorneys and agents ran amok in a suddenly widening no-man's-land between management and labor, the players, in sullen retribution for past slights, resorted to harsh business ethics that owners themselves had used for so many years.

When a business ethic takes over a sport, sport adapts. It is not the other way around. In business, you take your grievances to court, not to the locker room. Increasingly, injuries have become a cause for litigation. Nick Roman sued the Kansas City Chiefs for back pay and damages because he was "released when hurt, violating the contract." The Oakland Raiders' Terry Mendenhall was awarded \$91,500 in 1975 because the Raiders' team physician allegedly concealed a knee injury before Mendenhall was traded. Raymond Hickl of the Oilers, who had a history of head injuries, was hospitalized after being hit on his helmet by a player's knee. He decided to quit football. The Oilers decided not to pay him. Hickl took his case to the newly formed player-owner arbitration committee, which awarded him \$4,000—after finding that the Oilers had made "little or no attempt to determine if Hickl had any previous injuries."

Last year Miami Dolphin Defensive End Bill Stanfill took owner Joe Robbie to arbitration. A four-year All-Pro, Stanfill was suffering from a chronic and serious back injury. He consulted three or four doctors, all of whom confirmed that he should not play. Stanfill told a Miami newspaperman that the Dolphins' offer to settle the remaining three years on his contract was such that he felt obliged to

go to court. The arbitrator ruled in his favor, holding that the contract should be honored, that Stanfill would perform football-related activities, but not play football. Robbie had planned to appeal the decision, but the case was settled for an undisclosed sum before the appeal was heard.

There are no brass bands or waving pennants in courtrooms and emergency wards. With a gangland mentality allowed on the field, and with a sport whose leadership is more responsive to Nielsen ratings than injury reports, it is small wonder that the wolves (mostly lawyers) are at football's door. "Litigation is waking people up," says Clarke. "Litigation will be the cause of change." When owners are convinced that injuries are costing them money, an NFL referee told Jack Nix, a former player and official who is now in the insurance business, they will push for reform.

The NFL's response to the Stanford Research Institute report and SRI's recommendations on how to minimize injuries was no response at all. The pros made no appreciable rules changes for 1975 and the high injury rate continued. This year, in a grand show of concern for the game, the NFL made two rules changes: it is now possible for blocking linemen to "hold" a little more convincingly (to extend their arms and open their hands), and second "bumps" on receivers, once they are more than five yards down field, are prohibited. Injuries did not bring about these changes, however; according to the league's communicator, Commissioner Rozelle was "concerned" that the scoring average in the league was at a 36-year low. The NFL had "to put more offense back in the game."

Nothing was said about putting more people back in the game. People who have been and are going to be injured by the game the way it is played.

The SRI report said a lot of things four years ago, but one of its most damning conclusions was something it did not say, in so many words. According to the SRI findings, only 1.3% of all injuries in the NFL involved acts that were illegal. That drew penalties. Those in the blood bond who excuse the violence cite this as proof that players are basically rules-abiding fellows and ought to be left alone.

There is another way to look at it. If "illegal acts" are not responsible for the injuries but there is an outrageous num-

ber of them, then the fault lies within the rules, in things that are happening that ought to be illegal.

Those who say you would "hurt" football by doing something about the rules hurt it infinitely more so by their positivity. It is a rough game. For that reason alone, it must be receptive to contemporary realities.

Football, furthermore, is a complicated game, made even more so by the fact that it is really three different games—high school football, college football, pro football—with differing rules, differing rules interpretations, differing philosophies and styles of play. Things that are not allowed at one level are too dangerous are standard operating procedure at another. The game is not even officiated the same way from level to level or, in some cases, from region to region on the same level.

This series has attempted to analyze what is causing all football to suffer an unacceptable injury rate. To ameliorate it, many changes in the rules, equipment, playing conditions and coaching philosophies have been proposed—some by coaches, some by physicians, some by officials, some by the author. Perhaps not all of these changes would work. But changes must be made, changes that will once again establish football as the prototypical American sport, a game in which skill is matched by physical commitment. Which is to say a game played within civilized boundaries, for if it is a game, you do not maim. On that unarguable basis the following rules—some of which were proposed in previous installments—should be instituted. In some cases, they might already be in effect at one level of football or another, but they should be made sportwide:

1) Outlaw all deliberate helmet hits—if the helmet makes the initial contact in blocking or in tackling, it is wrong.

2) Outlaw blocking below the waist on all downfield plays, or outside the legal "clipping" zone. Ban the "chop block" and its relatives at the line of scrimmage.

3) Instruct officials to enforce more stringently the rulings on late, redundant or unnecessary hits, be they on ballcarriers, receivers or quarterbacks. The criterion at its most rudimentary would be to make tacklers responsible for knowing when a player is stopped, helpless or already going down.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
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A man and a woman are camping by a lake. The man, who has a mustache and is wearing a plaid shirt and jeans, is sitting on a rock and pouring water from a black pot into a metal cup. He is holding a cigarette in his mouth. The woman, who has blonde hair and is wearing a yellow shirt and jeans, is kneeling next to him, looking at the pot. In the foreground, there is a pack of Camel Filters cigarettes. The background shows a calm lake and a forested hillside.

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4) Institute a "grab" rule for defensive players tackling quarterbacks in the act of passing, in which only the arms and hands would be used. If this proves inadequate, give the quarterback in the act of passing the same protection the punter is given in the act of punting.

5) Institute a no-hit rule on receivers until they catch the ball.

6) Institute a no-hit rule on trailbacks in the option play. An offensive player without the ball should not be fair game.

7) When it is evident that quarterbacks are being hit on certain types of plays simply as a form of intimidation, warn the coach of the team responsible. If the practice persists, call personal fouls.

8) Crack down on all "momentum" tackles involving out-of-bounds plays and forward progress. A player on offense knows where the boundary lines are; defensive players should too.

9) Outlaw all forms of "clubbing" or forearm blows on ballcarriers and receivers; outlaw all head tackles save in interior line play.

10) Penalize all overt forms of bad sportsmanship, including end-zone dances and gestures, and taunting.

11) Increase the penalties for flagrant fouls and unsportsmanlike acts to 20 yards (minimum) or 30 yards; eject players and coaches who repeatedly dispute officials' calls.

Administratively, do the following:

1) Standardize the rules throughout the game, allowing only for differences dictated by age and physical development (e.g., length of quarters).

2) Make mandatory the representation of physicians and game officials on rules committees.

3) Establish a central registry for injuries, with input on their causes and computer readouts available for high school, college and pro teams. (The NFL can fund this project as a token of its appreciation for having the colleges and high schools as its farm system.)

4) Establish a crew of rules committee members to conduct clinics in which coaches and players would receive instruction on the rules and be warned against injury-causing tactics.

5) Pad the outside surfaces of helmets and shoulder pads; make mouthpieces mandatory; study the value of the face guard, and if it is truly a cause of spinal injury, prohibit its use.

6) Make some form of lightweight knee brace mandatory equipment (e.g., the

eight-ounce plastic model used at Oklahoma State).

7) Outlaw strong chemical stimulants and institute urine or saliva tests as is necessary to ensure that players obey the rules against the use of drugs.

8) Monitor practices to make sure the techniques being taught are legal.

None of these recommendations would affect the esthetic qualities of the game. None would lessen its appeal. They would make life more difficult for coaches, and more costly for administrators, but if they saved half a dozen players from lives spent in wheelchairs, they would be worth it.

Unless there are sweeping changes in the game, a storm of litigation is coming. The thunder is already being heard. Lawyers hang on every broken bone and torn tendon, watching for an opening. The rules and the environment in which the game is played can no longer be left to the whims of coaches and players, because they are at once the cause and the victims of the problem.

"There are a lot of enemies of football now," says Dr. Donald Cooper. "They're frothing at the mouth because of all the litigation and all the problems. They think it's so good because they're finally going to get the game. We've got a professor in the philosophy department who hates the game, hates the coaches, hates the players—and he's with those who see this as a golden opportunity: don't improve football, eliminate it."

"If you love the game, you have to be concerned. You can't put your head in the sand. We've got a crisis of broken bodies. If we don't do something about it, we're going to wake up in five or 10 years and there won't be any football."

Teddy Roosevelt never intended to abolish the game when he inveighed against its excesses 70 years ago. He said in an address at the Harvard Union that he did not in the least object to sport because it was "rough." He emphasized that he did not wish to have colleges "turn out 'mollycoddles,'" or "men who shrink from physical effort or from a little physical pain."

But, he said, "I trust that I need not add that an defending athletics I would not for one moment be understood as excusing that perversion of athletics which would make it the end of life instead of merely a means in life."

President Roosevelt's words are no less meaningful today.

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First held in 1929 in New York City less than four years after Harold Vanderbilt invented the game, the Goldman Pairs competition is the oldest major pairs championship in contract bridge. The winners back in 1929 were George Reith, 52, a Manhattan stockbroker well known in auction-bridge circles, and a mercurial kid from Brooklyn barely half his age named Oswald Jacoby. That was the year Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics began their three-year domination of the American League. Babe Ruth won his 10th home-run championship, Bobby Jones won the U.S. Open and Walter Hagen the British Open, Albie Booth was quarterbacking at Yale, and Knute Rockne coached Notre Dame to another undefeated, untied season.

In May 1978, in New York, where the venerable Goldman Pairs championship was celebrating its 50th year of competition, one of the leading contenders for the Goldman Trophy—he eventually fin-

Now 75, Oswald Jacoby will bet you on backgammon, bridge and poker, or who can multiply 647,992 by 435,636 fastest in his head, and the odds are he'll take your money



JUST NAME YOUR GAME

by ROGER DIONNE

ished 10th in a field of 104 pairs—was that same mercurial kid from Brooklyn, Oswald Jacoby, now 75 years old.

Jacoby, the guest of honor at the Goldman as well as a participant, hurried into the Rhinelander Room at the New York Hilton like a well-stoked steam engine, his white hair frothing above an intense and intelligent face that resembled a cross between Ezra Pound's and Robert Graves'. He hustled from table to table as though he were in competition with himself to see how many hands he could shake. There has hardly been a waking second in Jacoby's life when he has not been in a contest with somebody over

something. He not only won the first Goldman Trophy, but he has also won more national bridge championships (32) than all but two other players, John Crawford (37) and Howard Schenken (32). He played his first hand of bridge whist at the age of six with the Jacoby family doctor in Brooklyn. He played his first game of poker when he was eight, against some older children one rainy afternoon; he won the big pot of the day, he recalls—60¢, or 12 weeks' worth of allowances—when he drew three kings to a pair of sevens. "That started me off on my career," he jokes. Nearly 70 years later he'll still take on just about any-



body in the world at just about any game—bridge, poker, backgammon, you name it—and, what's more, he'll put his money where his mouth is.

"There have always been people better than me at some game," Jacoby says, "even when I was in my prime. But I am still the best player of *all* games in the world today. There's no one around who can beat me."

Aggressive talk from an aggressive man. No one has ever accused Oswald Jacoby of being modest.

"Jake!" the bridge players at the Hilton called. "Ozzie! Over here!" Because Jacoby has lived in Dallas since 1937, most Eastern players seldom get to see him except at major tournaments like the Goldman. They respect him, admire him,

even love him. Everyone in the room, whatever his age, had learned something from Jacoby, had kibitzed his masterful play, had read one of his dozen-odd books, had studied his syndicated columns, had used his numerous bidding innovations—the weak jump overcall, the Jacoby transfer, the Jacoby two no trump. Few at the Hilton had not been beaten by him at something—bridge, backgammon, gin rummy or pinochle, or even at tennis, or who would win the World Series, or who could multiply 647,992 by 435,638 fastest in his head.

There were a few, too, who had suffered Jacoby's well-known flashes of anger, then glowed in his instant warmth, or who had borne the brunt of his caustic wit, then batted in his instant camar-

aderie. But there was no one there, absolutely no one, who could keep up with the man, with his 100-mph speech, his dizzying leaps of logic, his enthusiasm, his ebullience. E. J. Kahn Jr., writing in *The New Yorker*, called Jacoby the elder statesman of games, likening him to Bernard Baruch counseling Presidents in the White House. He's more than that. He's Bernard Baruch with a propeller beanie on his head, an elder statesman with the zest and *joe de vivre* of a bright-eyed 12-year-old setting out to conquer the world.

"Ozzie is beautifully childlike," says present world bridge and former world backgammon champion Billy Eisenberg. "He's the most amazing man I've ever seen. At 75 he's got more enthusiasm

continued

than 10 people, and it's incredibly contagious. People want to jump into the water and splash around where everybody's having a good time, and that's what happens when he comes into a room. He's magnetically alive. He's like a vortex of energy going around and around."

Most of the serious contenders at the Goldman, as at any major bridge tournament, were in their 20s and 30s, the concentration, mental endurance and physical stamina required for long hours of high-level bridge virtually preclude anyone much beyond 50 or so from standing a chance. However, Jacoby, honorary guest though he was, had not been dug up out of mothballs for the occasion like an old battleship. Far from it. Other aging bridge greats might retire, but Jacoby says, "I seem to go on forever."

Two weeks before the Goldman, he had played in the Cavendish Invitational Bridge Tournament in New York and came in fifth in a field of 40 pairs that included the very best bridge players in the world. The following week in Boston he won the New England Backgammon Club's charity tournament for the Bos-

ton Symphony, where, along with his wife, who is one of the best women backgammon players in the world, he was, again, the guest of honor. "If a man lives long enough and doesn't go to jail," Jacoby says, "he gets honored for something or other."

Partnered with his son Jim, also a bridge expert, he won the Mid-Atlantic Regional in Gatlinburg, Tenn., in April. In March he played in the Vanderbilt Knockout Teams tournament in Houston, losing to the eventual winners in the third round. "As a competitor, the man still has no peer," says world champion Edwin Kantar, a member of the winning team. "He has such a great desire to win."

In January, Jacoby had been in Nassau for the world backgammon championship, which he had won three times, most recently in 1973 at the age of 70. He was the first person to win both the world bridge and the world backgammon championships. (Eisenberg was the second to achieve the double.) After Nassau, he took time out to officiate with Paul Magriel at the world amateur backgammon championships in Las Vegas, where he spent more time playing backgammon for money ("I don't remember

the stakes," he says calmly) than he did officiating.

"I always thought that as the evening wore on, he'd want to stop playing," says the 40-year-old Eisenberg, who was one of Jacoby's opponents in Vegas. "I mean, I'm someone who has the ability to play backgammon for long periods of time and keep my concentration, but Ozic would outlast me. Then, early the next morning, he'd be right in there playing again. He never seemed to tire."

Last November, Jacoby came in sixth in the three-day Reisinger nationals in Atlanta, which many consider the most grueling event in bridge. Adding poignancy to Jacoby's success in this tournament was the fact that he was a year older than the combined ages of the other three members of his team.

"I don't play with old people anymore," he says. "Old players tend to develop patterns, and they fail to recognize that something invented today is better than the way they were doing it 30 years ago."

Seated behind his desk in his business office overlooking downtown Dallas, Bobby Wolff, one of the world's leading bridge players, talks about Jacoby's performance in the Reisinger.

"Jake had a team that just didn't belong there," he says. "Yet he finished sixth. For my money it was one of the great single achievements in bridge. The man is really the only true genius I've ever known."

These superlatives keep cropping up. Wolff calls him a true genius. Eisenberg calls him an immortal. Bridge expert Alfred Sherwood calls him "an artist always trying to extend the boundaries of his art." He has lectured on the theory of probability at M.I.T., although he dropped out of Columbia College in his junior year to take and pass his actuarial examinations at a younger age than anyone in history. He is a computer expert. He helped break both German and Japanese codes during World War II. He has been the friend of four Presidents. He is an ardent patriot. Yet he is a man who has focused his erudition and brilliance principally on games. "A games expert," Jacoby says, "probably does more for the country than a second vice-president of a bank, whose contribution is turning down loans."

Like most championship bridge tournaments, the Reisinger was a team-of-

continued



Jacoby has won 32 bridge titles and was the first to be a world champion at bridge and backgammon

An aerial architectural rendering of the USTA National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadows Park, Queens, New York. The central feature is a large, tan-colored stadium with an octagonal footprint and a white rectangular field in the center. To the left of the stadium is a green tennis court. Above the stadium is a green rectangular area with a white grid pattern. The entire scene is surrounded by a light-colored landscape with some dark, bushy vegetation. The text "ADVERTISEMENT" is in the top left, "U.S. OPEN TENNIS" is in the center, and "The following 24 page advertising section contains information and anecdotes about some of the great foreign players who have challenged for and won the U.S. Open Tennis Championships." is below the title. At the bottom, "USTA NATIONAL TENNIS CENTER - FLUSHING MEADOW PARK, QUEENS, NEW YORK" is written.

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THE OUTLANDERS

In 1903 a short, Cambridge-educated Britsner named H. L. (Little Do) Doherty gathered up his tennis rackets and set sail for the colonies. On his arrival he went directly to the Casino at Newport, R.I., where the United States championships were then played, and commenced abusing the natives. Those who favor a conspiracy theory of history contend that Little Do was avenging the defeat of his older brother Reggie (Big Do) in the previous year's final. But whatever his motives—revenge, fame, love, or humiliation of the cheeky Yanks—Little Do was the champion of the New World a fortnight later. The job done, he boarded

another steamer and sailed home.

In 1977 a long-maned Argentinian named Guillermo (Willy) Vilas, a man who conceals the soul of a sonnet-writer within the body of a stevedore, glided into the last U.S. Open at Forest Hills on the wings of a 32-match winning streak. At the end of the tournament his string of match victories had reached 39, a frustrated Jimmy Connors was short of his title and Willy Vilas was bobbing above the Forest Hills landscape on the shoulders of his jubilant *compadres*. Unlike Little Do, however, Vilas did not go straight home. Instead he went on to win national titles in such diverse habitats as Iran, Colombia,

Chile and South Africa. By the end of the year he had won everything short of the La Brea Tar Pits Invitational.

Doherty was the first foreign competitor to win the U.S. championship. Vilas was the last. In the 74 years in between the U.S. Nationals were consistently enriched by the presence of great players from abroad. Foreign players have won the U.S. singles title 48 times. In the years since World War Two the men's crown has gone to foreign entrants 20 times and to Americans only 14. (Fifteen of the 20 were Aussies; four of the other five—Rafael Osuna, Manuel Santana, Manuel Orantes and Vilas—spoke Spanish; the

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fifth, (He Nastase, spoke dirty.) The home-team women have done better, winning 22 since the war and losing 12.

Through the years the participation of the best foreign players has elevated the U.S. championships to an eminence, beside Wimbledon, as the finest test of the world's premier racket-smackers. It is their presence in the draw and not the amount of the prize money that makes the tournament an international event, invests it with the status it enjoys, and lifts it beyond the succession of Chaseburger Classics and Deodorant Round Robins that make up the weekly tour. The alien aces have done more than carry off their

share of the hardware. They have added the ginger and fascination of their own distinctive personalities and made the tournament a more colorful blend.

Molla Mallory, who won eight U.S. singles titles between 1915 and 1926, was Molla Bjurstedt when she first came to America to visit relatives in Brooklyn. In Norway she had been a masseuse and the best woman player for most of a decade, but Molla liked the U.S. and decided to get a job and stay. Attending the men's national indoor tournament in New York, she asked another spectator how to go about entering the women's tourney. She

found out and won it. Moving to grass at the Philadelphia Cricket Club that summer, she beat Hazel Hochkiss Wightman in the finals of the first U.S. Nationals she ever saw.

Never a passionate partisan of practice, Molla let her self-discipline slide even more after her 1919 marriage to Franklin L. Mallory, a New York stockbroker she met on a "tennis excursion train" to Florida. "How could I go to bed every night at 9 when my husband wanted to go out?" she asked plainly. "He would have been terribly bored and I couldn't blame him." The result was the end of her four-year skein of U.S. titles as Mrs.



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FRANCE

Wightman won in 1919.

Molla came back to capture the championship for the next three years before bowing to Helen Wills, another irresistible force, in 1923. She credited her success to "one sure good shot"—a hand topspin drive from either side. "I always tried to get the ball on the rise," she said. "That way I had a split-second advantage."

Tall and easy-going, Molla thought of herself as a tennis player by avocation; tennis was fun, not a career and never tedious. She spurned several invitations to turn professional. When the family finances slumped during the Depression she took a job in a dress shop. Her last

competitive match was a Wightman Cup loss in 1928.

Molla's great rival was the incomparable Suzanne Lenglen, the Gallic prodigy who became the sport's first real celebrity. Mlle. Lenglen had learned to hit precise ground strokes from her father, who drilled her until she could hit a target handkerchief wherever he placed it on the court—consistently. Suzanne won her first Wimbledon in 1919, the year that Molla was staying up late and losing the U.S. title. The Frenchwoman's court grace, her flawless strokes and her vivid personality made her tremendously popular, one wit described the crowds that

queued up everywhere to see her as the "Leng-len trail a-winding." But she played most of her tennis in Europe. The first and last time she entered the U.S. Nationals was in 1921, the year the women's tourney moved to Forest Hills (the men returned in 1924). Lenglen's second-round opponent—there were no seeds in those years—was Molla Mallory.

Suzanne, who had defeated Molla in their first meeting earlier that year, swept onto the court in an ermine wrap, blowing kisses to the enchanted gallery. Molla was practically forgotten—until the match began. The Scandinavian girl came out blazing, playing the match of her life. Her

"VOLVOS HAVE RUN IN MY FAMILY FOR YEARS."

Virginia Wade



Research has shown that new Volvo owners are happier than the owners of most other new cars.

Virginia Wade and her family are so happy with Volvos, they have three.

It all started with her father, who bought his first Volvo fifteen years ago. He kept it seven years before buying the 1970 Volvo you see here. (His "new" Volvo is going on its eighth year, and Mr. Wade sees no end in sight.)

Virginia's brother chose the Volvo 265 wagon. With three kids, he says, he had no choice.

And Virginia herself drives Volvo's luxury sedan:

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As Virginia says, "On the pro tennis circuit, which takes me all over the world, I have a chance to drive a lot of cars. Rental cars. Friends' cars. I even won a car in a tournament once. And no car I've driven feels as safe, or as solid, or as well-built as my Volvo."

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deep, punishing ground strokes consistently forced Lenglen into errors. She won the first set 6-2.

Suzanne began to cough violently. Molla won the first game of the second set at love, then jumped off to a 50-love lead in the next game. But the darling of the continent was holding her throat and suffering. She told the umpire that she was too ill to continue. The fans who had been hoping for this match all summer boomed in outrage, but Suzanne snarled up her fur and departed. Twice more the two champions met in Europe, and Lenglen won easily both times. She did not return to the U.S. for five years. By that time she was a

professional, and there were two new French sensations on the tennis scene—Rene Lacoste and Henri Cochet.

Lacoste, three years the younger of the two, was the first to win at Forest Hills. He crushed his countryman Jean Borotra to grab the title in 1926 and defended it the following year against Bill Tilden in what has often been called the finest match ever played in America. Tilden was an early and ardent admirer of Lacoste. "He has no one shot that is a gift of the gods," Tilden said, "but at the same time one sees no weakness in Lacoste's game, no hole that can be pounded."

The son of a wealthy Parisian auto manufacturer, Lacoste did not even see a tennis court until he was 15. The thin, dark and quiet youth became obsessed with the game immediately and drove himself tirelessly until he mastered it. Lacoste is frequently described as the smartest player of all time. Deceptively phlegmatic on court, he studied his opponents carefully and entered his observations in a notebook. With Tilden, for example, he noted that the most successful approach shot was straight up the middle to eliminate the angles. Against Tilden's Davis Cup teammate Vinnie Richards, the best strategy was to pound the



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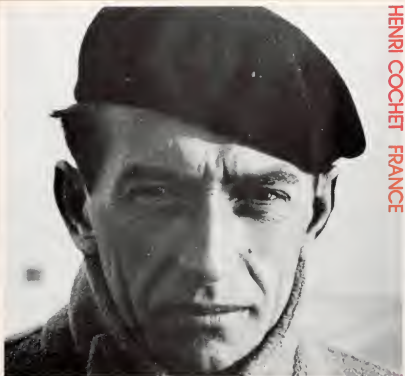
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ball deep to his backhand and come to net.

The pale, curly-haired Cochet was so silent and inscrutable that the taciturn Lacoste seemed practically glib by comparison. Cochet expressed himself with his body, with Gallic shrugs and quizzical lifts of his eyebrows, and above all with his incredible speed and agility. He learned tennis at the club his father managed in Lyons, blasting away at a wall for months on end. Every beginner, he believed, should play against a backboard for at least six months before stepping onto a court.

Cochet's strokes lacked the classic grace of Tilden's and Lacoste's, but he made up for it in speed and anticipation.

He could half-volley so deftly that he could beat most of his foes from the normally inhospitable terrain around the service line. The effect was demoralizing. With a weak serve and a diffident backhand, he could depend on his reflexes to get him past anyone in the world when he was right. When he was off he was as easy to take as a piece of French pastry.

It was Cochet who ended Tilden's domination of the U.S. championships with his fourth round victory in 1926. Two years later he battled back from a 2-1 deficit in sets to overcome Francis Hunter and win the tournament. Together with Borotra and Toto Beugnon, Cochet and

Lacoste kept the Davis Cup in France from 1927 to 1933. By that year another foreign fireball was burning up the Forest Hills grass—Fred Perry of England.

Handsome and debonair, the black-haired Perry was the first foreign player to win the U.S. men's singles three times. It probably would have been four had he not fallen and broken a rib in a semifinal match with Walter Allison in 1935. Perry was charismatic and quotable, with a cocky, piratical charm and a style so courtly that he once blacked his eye on an awning rod while bowing to Helen Jacobs. His idol, he alleged, was Fred Astaire. Perry may have been a precursor

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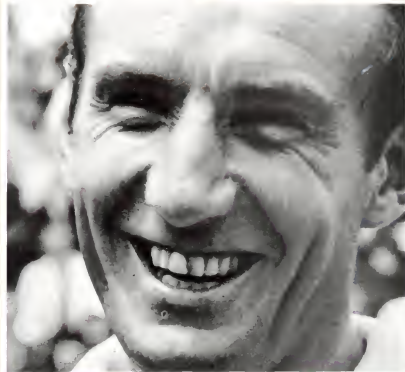
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of the self-publicizing athlete-entertainer we have come to know so well. He was forever writing a book or mulling a movie contract or buying beer for the reporters or letting the word out that he carried a gramophone with him at all times and hated to fly. In this age of packaged personalities he would clearly have been a marketable product.

Born in a London suburb, Perry was the son of a Labor member of the House of Commons. He began as a table tennis player, becoming good enough to win the world's championship before switching to a strung paddle and a larger stage. His development as a tennis player was inter-

curial: only five years elapsed between his first tournament and his win at Forest Hills. His five-set victory over Jack Crawford of Australia thwarted Crawford's bid for the first-ever "Grand Slam" which Don Budge was to win five years later. Perry favored short, choppy strokes with an abbreviated follow-through—Tilden described him as "the world's worst good player." His flashiest shot was a forehand drive which he smote on the rise as he sprinted to the net.

Returning to defend his title in 1934, the pipe-smoking Perry confided his intention "to fool around in Hollywood for a while" after the tournament and allowed

that tennis had become a bore; golf was more interesting. He dispatched Allison in the four-set final, then fought off Don Budge two years later in a brilliant match that went to 10-8 in the fifth. With that he turned pro, becoming Britain's four-year grip on the Davis Cup and sending British tennis into another generation-long nap. Perry went on to sour profusely with Ellsworth Vines and Budge before he reappeared in yet another incarnation—as tennis correspondent for a London daily.

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our own talents, mostly on California hardcourts: Alice Marble and Margaret Osborne Dupont and Louise Brough and Linnie Mo Connolly and Pauline Betz, Don Budge and Bobby Riggs and Ted Schroeder and Jack Kramer and Poncho Gonzales and, Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert. The only breaks in the chain of home-grown winners came with the stunning first-time-out triumph of the graceful Chilean Anita Lazana in 1957 and the back-to-back thumpings which Frank Sedgman, the first Australian to win at Forest Hills, perpetrated on Seixas and Gardnar Mulloy in 1951-2. Then the most exotic champion of them all fluttered in to

roost for a while: Maria Bueno of Brazil.

Maria, the daughter of a *sestierman*, grew up across the street from a tennis club in São Paulo. "I practically lived at the club," she once recalled. "It was my garden. I must have been kicked out about 10 times for practicing in the wrong places, like against the man bulletin board. The club was my playground." Long-limbed and deceptively fragile-looking, she developed an aggressive all-court game and an arsenal of elegant strokes. At 14 she became the champion of Brazil.

Maria seemed at once delicate and

regal. "She walks with great beauty," Julie Heldman wrote, "she tues with the grace of an amelope and her overall appearance is one of queenliness." Her confident, imaginative style inevitably evoked memories of Lenglen. As with the French star, her repulsion usually preceded her Italians watching her for the first time chanted her name as she coasted to the Italian title in 1958. Her four Forest Hills victories were all businesslike, straight-set conquests—of Christine Truman in 1959, Margaret Court in 1963, Carole Greabner the next year and Nancy Richey in 1966.

She was flying home to a celebration in

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RODNEY GEORGE LAVER

Brazil after her first Wimbledon title in 1959 when her plane lost two engines and the pilot was forced to make an emergency landing. The president of Brazil sent a special plane to collect her for the ceremony. A few months later a six-foot-high bronze statue was unveiled at the club where she rambled as a child, the garden of her youth. It depicted the club's most recognizable member making a backhand volley.

Ken Rosewall's four-set victory over Lew Hoad in the 1956 finals signaled the onset of what might be called the Australian Interlude at Forest Hills. Hoad was going for the fourth leg of the Grand Slam

when he was gunned down by his longtime rival and fellow Sydneysider. In the 11 subsequent years the Australian sluggers would capture nine more men's titles and the Yanks would be shut out altogether. "Muscles" Rosewall, who at some point entered a realm beyond the reach of time, acquired his second U.S. singles crown 14 years after the first one when he beat Tony Roche in 1970. Bud Collins has suggested that the imperishable, implacable Rosewall be hung from the ceiling of the Smithsonian alongside Lindbergh's plane and other stylish antiques.

The sage who directed the Aussies in

their glory years was, of course, Harry Hopman. Hopman insisted on an unselfish dedication to the team, fitness, self-discipline and a toughness both mental and physical. "Tired as an Aussie may be," Arthur Ashe commended, "he will always make it a point to cross over standing straight up, breathing easy. It is a manner of pride never to let you know they can be tired."

Hopman made loyal soldiers out of a crew of divergent personalities: Rosewall, gentle and self-effacing; the cheerful farm boy Roy Emerson, incorrigibly good-natured; Rod Laver, deeply reserved, dour and imperturbable; and John

Newcombe, the natural leader, brightest and most sophisticated of the lot. The Australian boys grew up in a tennis-mad environment—Laver, Rosewall and Emerson all had courts at home—blossomed early and kept improving under Hopman's firm hand.

Rosewall's father, a grocer, practiced with him every morning before opening the shop. The wonder with Rosewall is not that he is still playing well in his 40's—many great players have done that—but that he is still among the dozen or so best in the world. The explanation lies in an ingrained aversion to excess and a careful, modest lifestyle. "We never see Muscles after dark," Newcombe said.

Laver, who seems nerveless on court, actually swings in a wide arc between days of stunning brilliance and those when he seems merely mortal. At his best he ranks with the greatest ever. "These were days," he has said, "when I felt I could have hit

ROY S. EMERSON



HARRY C. HOPMAN

the ball with the bloody handle and still won." Growing up in Queensland, he learned to hit accurate topspin ground strokes by aiming at tin cans just inside the base line. His coach sent him to school squeezing a squash ball and later a steel spring to build up his wrist. Laver demonstrated his grit when he seemed to be faltering against Emerson in his 1962 bid for his first slam. He missed an easy volley and took a couple of deep breaths. "I couldn't hear anything and my body felt boneless," he recalls. He then hit three unreturnable serves to win the match.

The two absolutes about Roy Emerson, according to Ashe, are that he is the

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fittest player who ever bestrode the court and the most popular, always ready with a "well done" for a winner and a consoling word for a loser. Bluff and free of pretense, Emerson has bulldozed along in his unspectacular way to a record of more singles titles in Grand Slam events than any other man in the game's history—two more than Tilden and one ahead of Laver.

The urbane Newcombe, the son of a Sydney dentist, has the great athlete's ability to lift his game just high enough to win. He overcomes his foes as much with his mind as with his speed and strength; he waits patiently for his opening and then thunders through it like a Metroliner. Newcombe, who has been known to

drain an occasional keg, is similar to Rosewall in his refusal to let his commitment to tennis become obsessive. He has spent most of his time in recent years with his wife and three children on their Texas ranch.

Aussies help each other; it is part of their code. Thus when a tall, thin, small-town girl named Margaret Smith moved to Melbourne to make a run at big-time tennis, old pro Frank Sedgman invited her to live with his family and designed her training program. Sedgman had her lifting weights and doing gymnastic exercises to build up her muscles at the same time he was refining her game. Margaret, brandishing one of the strongest serves in the

history of women's tennis and a devastating net game, became the first Aussie woman to win the U.S. championship in 1962. She won six more Forest Hills singles titles in the ensuing decade, but the sweetest was her three-set decision over Rosie Casals in 1970, which made her only the second woman to win the Grand Slam (Maureen Connolly was first). Following Aussie tradition, Margaret in turn made it a point to help develop another Australian girl who showed promise—Evonne Goolagong.

The Australian assault wave finally crested at the beginning of the current decade, a few years before the grass courts at Forest Hills were converted to clay. The

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combined effect of these two changes was to transform the U.S. Open into an annual shootout between the best of the Yankee crop of sluggers—Connors, Ashe, Gonfried, Smith, Tanner—and the cream of the clay-court wizards from Europe and Latin America—Borg, Vilas, Orantes, Nastase, Ramirez. There was a day two years ago when you could have watched three successive five-set matches between an American serve-and-volleyer and a European soft-court master—Smith vs. Orantes, Borg vs. Gonfried, Tanner vs. Nastase. The Europeans won all three.

The switch to a harder court at Flushing Meadow will doubtless alter the balance of strengths once again, presumably

to a point somewhere between the fast-court game of Wimbledon grass and the leisurely pace dictated by a clay court. It is increasingly obvious that a contemporary tennis star must excel on every surface: Connors has won on clay as have Evert and Borg on grass. The new surface may prove to be the perfect solution for the two current foreign aces whose failures at the U.S. Open have been most conspicuous: Borg, who lost a dazzling final to Connors in 1976 and was forced to default last year; and Goolagong, who was beaten in four straight finals from 1973 to 1976. The surface may also be felicitous for the next great foreign champion now endlessly pounding balls against a distant

backboard and biding his time. This unknown conqueror will probably arrive before any of us are ready, maybe even this year or next. Hint: remember the name Yannick Noah. A tall, strong, 18-year-old black youth from the central African nation of Cameroun, Noah plays for his adopted country of France. Arthur Ashe spotted him seven years ago. He is coming on fast.

Think of it—a black African winning the U.S. Open, a platoon of festive Camerounians proudly bearing the victor around the Flushing Meadow battlefield. Too bad Lyle Do Doherty won't be here.

By Donald Dale Jackson

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ARCHITECT DAVID KENNETH SPECTER

four event, in which two members of a team play a given hand in one direction (North-South) at one table while their partners at another table play the same hand in the other direction (East-West).

"I remember I made five no trump against his team on a hand where I figured I should have made one, maybe two," says Wolff. "That's plus 210, a good board. Then I found out that at the other table, where Jake was playing against our team, he was plus 300. Somehow Jake got our partners. . . ."

Jacoby, who has been outside drinking iced tea with Wolff's receptionist, bounds into the office in time to hear this. He lets out one of his infectious explosions of laughter that begin like a firecracker and end in the high-pitched whistle of a pressure cooker.

"That was a matter of psychology," he spatters in his rapid-fire speech. "I knew Curtis Smith [Wolff's teammate at the other table] never lets me play one no trump. He put in a double, his partner said two clubs, and I doubted that, knowing Curtis had nothing. It cost him."

"They went down two doubled for a 300-point penalty," Wolff marvels. "I couldn't believe we lost that board."

"Reminds me of a hand where I got a top score 40 years ago," Jacoby says, flopping into the easy chair opposite Wolff's desk. "The bidding went one no trump by me, three spades by my partner. The bidding developed, and when I bid six spades, the man on my right sat back in his chair the least bit. Now my partner bids six no trump, but he looked a little upset. So I'm playing the hand at six no. I have three spades to the king in my hand, and there are six to the ace-jack-10 in dummy. I led the jack from dummy because I knew the man on my right had the missing queen." He giggles, still savoring the memory of the play as though it had happened yesterday. "You have to avoid giveaways," he says. "People know it applies in poker, but of course it applies in bridge, too."

To whatever game he is hurrying, Jacoby brings the talents and wiles of a superb poker player. Jacoby started playing poker seriously in 1918 during World War I, when he put in a two-month military training stint at the age of 15. During the day the young recruits marched around with wooden rifles; at night they played poker. When Jacoby returned home he had more than \$2,000 in his

pocket, enough to pay many of his expenses at Columbia.

Wolff starts to comment, but Jacoby interrupts to tell him about his backgammon triumphs the night before at a Dallas club called The Pawn Shop. He reached the semifinals in the tournament there and won several side games ("I don't remember the stakes") while waiting for others to finish. Then he bounces out of his chair and announces he has to go. He has a gin rummy date at the Dallas Country Club in half an hour.

During the 1920s Jacoby played poker for considerable stakes with New York's rich, and after moving to Dallas he got into games with of millionaires and some of the best players in the poker state of Texas.

"He was always playing in a game he couldn't really afford to play in," says Sheinwald, "because that's his nature. He's a gambler. It's a very tough thing to play poker with people who are always in a position to boost you out. He was putting himself at a tremendous disadvantage, yet he still managed to survive and win."

In 1941 Oswald Jacoby on Poker was published, and after 37 years it remains one of the standard texts on the game. He has also written basic texts on bridge, gin rummy, backgammon, canasta, Oklahoma and gambling in general, and he has just finished a new book on poker, which will soon be published by Doubleday.

Clearly, Jacoby had too restless a mind to be only a bridge expert—or only a bridge and backgammon expert (which are perhaps his best games). He wanted to be the best at everything—from answering quiz-show questions to solving crossword puzzles to handicapping sports events—and he wanted to beat the best. He still does. When he recently ran into David Sklansky, one of the country's best high-low-split poker players, at The Mayfair Club in New York, he joined him in a game and played him to a standstill. Years ago he used to play checkers with Newell Banks, the U.S. champion, and Banks could not beat him in games begun from the conventional starting position.

At Columbia, Jacoby was on the chess team and once beat Frank Marshall, the U.S. champion at the time, in a match game. But he gave up chess because the

game was just too slow for him. Nearly 40 years later, in the 1960s, a chess tournament and the summer bridge championships happened to be taking place at about the same time in Los Angeles, and Jacoby took on the then world chess champion, Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union, in a game of lightning chess—that is, a game in which each player has a very limited time to make each move. Petrosian gave Jacoby a knight handicap. It was a mistake.

"I didn't want to beat him," Jacoby says, "but above all, I didn't want to lose. After all, he gave me a knight handicap. So I worked out a draw position quickly, taking advantage of my handicap, and that's the way it ended."

Chess experts who watched the game were amazed. "It's incredible," one said. "Lightning chess is Petrosian's best game."

"Well, I'm pretty good at speed myself," Jacoby said.

Indeed he is. Malcolm Brachman, a world tournament bridge player, recalls the round he and Mike Passell played against Jacoby in the Vanderbilt last March. "We finished 16 boards in just about an hour, and we had to wait another hour for our partners and his partners to finish at the other tables."

"I must have spent six years of my life waiting for other people to finish games," Jacoby grumbles.

"It's his temperament," his son Jim adds. "My father doesn't want to waste time. He wants to get on to the next contest, the next hand, where there'll be some problem for him to think about."

Jacoby's ability to make accurate calculations faster than his opponents and to act upon them without hesitation has always been one of the things that has made him a winner. Years ago he played backgammon at breakneck speed. As soon as the dice stopped rolling, Jacoby would move his men instantaneously with both hands. Though his moves were perfectly legitimate, they were so fast that his opponent often couldn't fathom what he had done. Now tournament players are required to move their men one at a time with one hand only.

"Well, at my age, in one of these long matches, I want to finish," he likes to say now.

Jacoby has always done everything fast. He met Texas tennis champion Mary Zita McHale on a court in Dallas in April

continued

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1932. A week later they were married. On Dec. 7, 1941, he was playing in the National Open Pairs bridge championship in Richmond, Va. when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was announced. He immediately left the tournament and enlisted in the Navy.

When he returned to civilian life four years later he discovered that Charles Goren had moved far ahead of him as the leading holder of bridge master points in the world. Jacoby had begun to catch up with Goren when the Korean War broke out. Jacoby, a veteran now of two wars, received a telephone call from Washington.

"We need a computer in the Far East," Washington said.

"Buy one," Jacoby said.

"We can't buy one. You're the one."

A week later Jacoby was in Japan, again engaged in counterintelligence. When he returned from Japan, he again found himself far behind Goren on the master-point list, but this time Jacoby made no special effort to overcome his friend's almost insurmountable lead. "The tendency of bridge players today is to belittle Goren," Jacoby says, "but he was a good player, a very good player."

However, a few years later, in 1958, Jacoby got angry at Goren. It was a silly thing, he says in retrospect, but it was enough to arouse his competitive fire.

"Charlie," he said to Goren, "you're very proud of that No. 1 standing on the master-point list. Well, I'm going to take it away from you."

"There's no way you can do it," Goren said.

"I'll go one step further," Jacoby said. "I'll take it from you in the spring of 1962."

During the next four years Jacoby went on a rampage unprecedented in the history of bridge. He won the McKenney Trophy, awarded to the player winning the most master points in any given year, in three of those four years—at ages 56, 58 and 59—and, as he had predicted, in the spring of 1962 he swept past Goren to become the top master-point holder in the world. Nor did he stop there. In 1963 he became the first player in history to acquire more than 1,000 master points in a single year, and in 1967 he became the first player to surpass the 10,000-point lifetime mark. To put this achievement in perspective, one

must realize that to be rated a Life Master, the highest ranking in bridge, a player has to acquire 300 master points, something that takes most players years to achieve. Furthermore, Jacoby is the only player past the age of 50 to have won the McKenney Trophy, and he did it four times, the last time at the age of 60. He has slowed down a bit since. He even admits that during the past couple of years he's noticed he sometimes gets tired. But he hasn't stopped, and, no doubt, he never will.

In whatever game he plays, Jacoby consistently refuses to gain an unfair edge over another player—giveaways are not an unfair edge. To him games are, above all, fun, battles of wit, competitive exercises. They are boosts to his ego, to be sure, but they are not the means to belittle others. If he has had a fault in his approach to games, it has been his assumption that everyone else's approach to them is the same as his. In consequence, there have been occasions when people more cold-blooded than he, or people who see a game as a means of making money rather than as an end in itself, or people who are simply less honest than he, have taken advantage of his ingenuousness.

The late John Crawford, for example, who may well have been the only person who could compete with Jacoby as a general games player, used to beat him consistently at gin rummy—not necessarily because Crawford was a better player but because he used every possible tactic short of cheating to gain an edge. Crawford would needle Jacoby, taunt him, even laugh at him, until Jacoby would become so enraged he could hardly see the cards in front of him.

Jacoby demurs. "Actually he was a better gin player than I was," he says.

Jacoby once testified in a Los Angeles court as an expert witness in a case involving gin rummy cheats at the Friars Club in Beverly Hills. After the trial, the prosecuting attorney reminded Jacoby that the cheaters in the case were the same people he had played with at the Beverly Club. "They had peepholes there, too," the prosecutor said.

"They seemed like such good players," the surprised Jacoby responded. "No wonder I couldn't beat them."

"Heroes are the ones that beat all the odds," veteran sportswriter Shirley Povich once said. In his book on gambling,

Jacoby spent pages demonstrating that although a casino has only a small mathematical edge over the player in craps, roulette, baccarat and other games, sooner or later it will tap him out. "The term 'game of chance,'" he wrote, "as applied to gambling-house games, is a pure misnomer. The classification 'unfair game' is a much more realistic one." Nevertheless, Jacoby himself attacks a Las Vegas crap table as a brash young novillero might attack a bull, determined to "beat all the odds," however much they may be stacked against him. He loves the action. Although he is a mathematical genius, he battles mathematics itself, pressing his bets time and again, challenging the odds more and more defiantly. Bridge expert Lew Mathe once saw Jacoby parlay a few dollars into several thousand, leaving the money in play for bet after bet. "I'd have been long gone," Mathe says.

Few of us know the odds as well as Oswald Jacoby, whose book *How to Figure the Odds* is a classic. Even fewer of us would defy them so boldly. At the same time, perhaps Jacoby's daring dice play simply demonstrates that for all his genius, for all his expertise in games, he is still wearing that propeller beanie on his head, still bright-eyed and hopeful, still, at 75, the mercurial kid from Brooklyn.

At the New York Hilton he and his partner, an 18-year-old Amherst College student named Brian Glubok, were fifth going into the final round of the 50th annual Goldman Pairs.

"Let's win this thing," Jacoby urged, "because I don't intend to be here for the 100th."

But Glubok was a bit nervous and didn't play as well as he could. Before the scoring had been completely tabulated, Jacoby sensed that they had fallen back somewhat. Too impatient to wait for the final results, he returned to the East Side apartment where he was staying and early the next morning took the first flight to Dallas. The 1978 Goldman was over and so was his disappointment in losing it. It was as much in his past as the first Goldman of 1929. He was thinking about his next game—an afternoon of gin rummy at the Dallas Country Club. Meanwhile, as his plane climbed toward the Appalachians, he had another contest to undertake. Settling back in his seat he tackled the crossword puzzle in the Sunday New York Times. **END**



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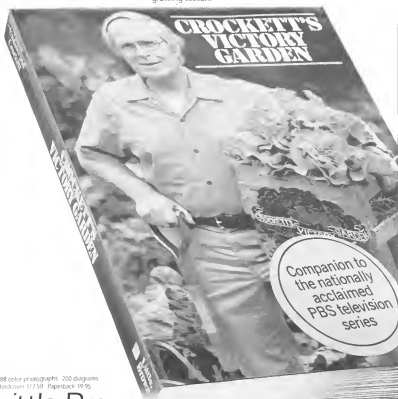
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Little, Brown
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Photo: Lee Salzman/Black Star

The California Angels do not have a chance. Just look at them. The manager is a rookie. The third baseman is a rookie. The shortstop is a third baseman. The second baseman can't hit. The catcher is always hurt. The pitchers are too young. Anyway, you get the idea. For these Angels, Heaven can wait.

Or so it would seem to rational observers of the American League West. But at week's end, after they had swept a three-game series from the Baltimore Orioles in Anaheim, there were the Angels in virtually a tie for first place, just .001 behind Kansas City. Can this really be California, the team that has languished for years in the shadow of the Dodgers, Disneyland and most of the American League?

No American League team has ever won the pennant after making a midseason managerial change, but the Angels, who five times have changed managers during a season, might well do it under 36-year-old Jim Fregosi, who began his major league career as an Angel cherub in 1961, the year the team was formed. Archangel Gene Autry picked Fregosi to succeed Dave Garcia on June 1. At the time, Fregosi was playing neither well nor often for Pittsburgh. But when the Angels lost 17-2 to Chicago for their fifth straight defeat, Autry decided that Fregosi was just the medicine his slumping team needed.

"Garcia was a dandy guy, but he was too quiet," Autry says. "Jimmy is a scraper, a go-getter. I felt he would be someone the players would respect."

Fregosi began making changes immediately. Among them, he moved Rick Miller from rightfield to center, shifted Lyman Bostock from center to right and installed Brian Downing as the full-time catcher. The latter move was particularly bold because the Angels' top pitchers, Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan, had been working almost exclusively with Terry Humphrey behind the plate. Says Fregosi, "When I first made the change, Tanana came into my office and said, 'Humphrey catches me,' and I told him, 'Not anymore.'"

Downing subsequently has emerged as "the MVP since I've been here," says Fregosi. Downing is true grit. He is forever putting an ice bag on a sore limb, but his injuries never seem to stop him from running full bore into the dugout after a foul pop or blocking the plate. "It makes

So halo, everybody, halo

Rookie Manager Jim Fregosi has the California Angels knocking at the pearly gates in the AL West. After sweeping the Orioles, they trailed the Royals by .001

you sick to the stomach to see a guy like Downing play in that kind of agony," says the Angels' executive vice-president, Buzzie Bavasi. Says Downing, "I always liked to be hurt, or at least I wasn't afraid to be. The only time I felt totally healthy this year, I went into a slump." Since becoming a regular, Downing's average has risen from .250 to .270. In July, when California spent almost half the month in first place, Downing hit .347.

Downing says he is happy to be in California where he can play every day and not worry about White Sox broadcaster Harry Caray, who harassed him mercilessly in Chicago last season. "He's the only person in the world I really hate," Downing says. "He basically ran me out of town. Every minor mistake I made became a World Series blunder, and the

fans who listened to him stayed on me all the time. It really hurt me to be booed on a baseball field, because I try to play so hard. Even though I hit pretty well (.284), I worried what he might be saying about me when I was up at the plate. Thinking about how bad it was has made me want to do even better this season."

Bostock also has been motivated by criticism—the self-inflicted kind. A .318 hitter in three seasons with the Twins, Bostock joined the Angels through the re-entry draft. However, he was unable to buy a hit, even with his \$2.3 million contract. Bostock became so unhappy with himself, in fact, that he donated part of the salary to charity, saying he didn't deserve it. At the end of May, Bostock was still hitting under .210, but he welcomed his new manager with a 4-for-4 performance.

continued



Frank Tanana (right) led the reception committee for Don Baylor after his homer beat Baltimore



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BASEBALL continues

mance and was off on a tear that has lifted his average almost 100 points to .300.

"For a while I didn't think I'd break out of it," Bostock says. "I would have been very happy to hit .250."

The Angels have gotten mixed results from their 1977 free-agent class of DH Don Baylor, Leftfielder Joe Rudi and Second Baseman Bobby Grich. Rudi and Grich are able to play, which is an improvement over last year when they were injured most of the time, but they haven't been at their best. Baylor, who now takes an occasional whirl at first base, leads the team with 25 home runs, 68 RBIs, 84 runs and 18 stolen bases. After beating Baltimore with a two-out homer in the bottom of the ninth Friday night, Baylor declared, "As I go, so goes the team."

Baylor may well be right. On Sunday afternoon he broke up a spectacular pitching duel with a 14th-inning double that scored Rick Miller from first base and gave the Angels a 1-0 victory.

Because of an injury incurred on April 27, Rudi didn't start producing much offense until after Fregosi's arrival. Even though his average is still a laggardly .237, Rudi has 12 home runs and 62 RBIs, including 25 in the last 27 games. "At last I feel like I'm making a contribution," he says.

Grich is not contributing much of anything. He is batting only .232, and after a particularly awful performance last week against Boston, in which he went 0-for-4 and committed a costly error, Grich went into Fregosi's office and asked to be removed from the lineup. Aware that Grich had been pressing, Fregosi was only too happy to oblige.

Autry shelled out \$7.2 million for free agents the past two years, but some of his best players cost almost nothing—particularly Third Baseman Carney Lansford, who was drafted out of high school by the Angels in 1975 and signed with them for small change. Only 21, Lansford batted .332 with Double A El Paso last year. He was ticketed for Triple A Salt Lake City this season, but a strong spring training performance kept him on the roster. When Dave Chalk was switched from third base to shortstop to replace slumping Rance Mulliniks, Lansford suddenly was a regular. He has responded with a .273 average and a sure glove, but he admits that the major league grind is beginning to wear him down. "I'm starting to feel tired," he says.

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An original Angel, Fregosi is happy to be home

"I'm not used to playing this many games."

Another rookie regular from the draft-rank is Outfielder Ken Landreux. He was the minor league Player of the Year last season, batting .354 in El Paso and .359 at Salt Lake City, but he is down to .229 with the Angels. "The pitchers are good up here, but not devastating," Landreux says. "The difference between the minors and majors is that more balls are caught."

The emergence of two other draftees from California's farm system, DH Danny Gooden (292 and nine RBIs in 14 games) and Infielder Jim Anderson (.235), prompts Bavasi to say, "Most of our best prospects are in the major leagues right now. But we need their help because we're not able to go with a set lineup. We're going to succeed or fail with the entire roster."

The success of these youngsters has changed the Angels' thinking about free-agent investments. After spending lavishly during the last two years, Astry is ready to cool it. "I don't think you can buy enough free agents to put a winning team on the field," he says. "It's better to develop the young players. I don't think we'll sign any more unless we are right on the edge of winning a pennant and we think one particular player can make the difference."

In Tanana and Ryan, the Angels have long had the kind of pitchers that can make the difference. Tanana is 16-7, even though arm trouble has prevented him from throwing as hard as he usually does. Ryan—who, incidentally, came to the Angels in the deal that sent Fregosi from California to the Mets—has thrown as hard as ever; he leads the league with 205 strikeouts, but with less satisfactory results (6-11, 3.84 ERA). Ryan suffered a rib injury Sunday and had to leave the game after seven innings. Recently, the most effective righthander has been Paul Hartzell, 24, who joined the rotation on July 24. On Saturday he defeated Baltimore 4-3 for his fourth win in five starts. Two other young pitchers obtained in off-season trades—Don Aire, 23, from Boston, and Chris Knapp, 24, from Chicago—have winning records. Dave LaRoche is the bullpen stopper, with nine wins and 17 saves.

What little success the Angels have enjoyed in their 17 seasons—four winning records and three first-division finishes—occurred while Fregosi was a player, often the key player. Now that he is back, they may not have to wait for Heaven much longer.

THE WEEK

(August 13-19)
by JIM KAPLAN

NL WEST "CHICKENMAN" He's everywhere. He's everywhere! Like a line from the old radio script, San Diego's (5-1) own Chicken Man was everywhere. Dressed as the KGB Chicken, 24-year-old Ted Guzman, a local radio-station employee, has been a feature at Padre home games for several years. He dances on top of dugouts, mimics coaches' signals and helps the grounds crew. Last week the Chicken took flight to the East Coast when he went on the road with the Padres. Landing in Shea Stadium, he feigned an attack on a woman, pretended to eat a kid's hat, waved to airplanes and did a spectacular imitation of Willie Montanez' home-run trot. After Chicken's first appearance, the Padres won three one-run games in New York and Montreal behind superb pitching. Subbing for Rolfe Fingers, who went home for the birth of his new son, Mickey Lolich and Mark Lee pitched six innings of hellish relief. Eric Rasmussen won twice and the 17-year veteran Gaylord Perry won No. 260, most among active pitchers. As a result, San Diego had a 64-59 record,

compared to 54-71 at this point a year ago.

Reggie Smith hit four home runs early in the week, including a grand slam that beat the Phillies 5-2, as the Dodgers (4-2) swept a three-game series from stumbling Philadelphia and moved ahead of the Giants into first. Steve Garvey helped them stay there by driving in four runs to beat New York 7-3.

The Giants (3-3) and the Reds (3-4) were faltering. After Montreal's Woodie Fryman one-hit the Giants and Vida Blue, San Francisco Manager Joe Altobelli told his young players that it was possible they might never have another chance like this one, so why not seize the opportunity. The Giants then won two straight, one of them on Mike Ivie's fourth pinch homer of the season. "Fosson's a winner," Willie McCovey said of Ivie. "Coming off the bench, he doesn't have time."

Red Manager Sparky Anderson was plenty worried. Uncharacteristically, he dressed quickly and left the clubhouse without a word after one defeat and locked the clubhouse door after another. He also reversed his usual road strategy by batting for a tie in the ninth inning. The move worked as the Reds won in the 10th on Dan Driessen's homer. On the whole, the Reds' bats were silent, especially for Tom Seaver, who was shut out 2-0 by the Cubs. In 25 of his 27 starts, Seaver's teammates have produced an average of just 2.56 runs—nothing that the ex-Met isn't used to.

Atlanta (2-5) and Houston (3-5) lost more ground. The Braves led the Cubs 7-0 in one game but lost it 12-8. A bright spot was Phil Niekro's 9-0 win over Chicago. The same day, Niekro's brother Joe, who pitches for Houston, stopped the Cardinals 4-2. Unfortunately, the Astros were just about out of hitting. Bob Watson, who had fueled the Astros' attack since Cesar Cedeno was lost for the season in June, suffered a pulled hamstring and will be sidelined for three weeks.

LA 72-51 SF 71-52 CN 70-53
SD 64-59 ATL 58-66 HOU 56-66

NL EAST Some of their big guys boomed, and the Cubs (4-3) moved back into the race. Dave Kingman hit .346 with four homers and nine RBIs, and Rick Reuschel won twice. But the most consistent Cub, Reliever Bruce Sutter, was slumping. In a 9-7 loss to Cincinnati, he gave up a run-scoring single to Joe Morgan, a game-tying two-run homer to Ken Griffey and three more runs in the 10th.

Philadelphia (1-5) played the losers' role perfectly. The Phillies averaged 3.2 runs per game and Manager Danny Ozark made three moves that backfired. Ozark's worst maneuver was pitching to the Dodgers' hot-hitting Reggie Smith with a man on third and first base open. Smith hit a sacrifice fly and the Phillies lost 5-4. Regarding his players, Ozark said, "I'd like to take the brains out of their

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BASEBALL continued

heads when they but so they can't think."

Pittsburgh took six of seven from the Reds and Astros, but Manager Chuck Tanner cast a pall over the happy home stand by calling Joe West "the worst, most incompetent umpire ever to wear the blue." West had called a balk on Bert Blyleven. Tanner didn't object to that—he hadn't even seen the balk—but he howled when West gave Blyleven a quick heave-ho for disputing the call.

Montreal's (2-4) starting eight hit .121 with men in scoring position. "My wife met a French-Canadian comedian the other night," said Manager Dick Williams. "He said I should open the sports page and stand on it, because I have a good team on paper."

After 95 consecutive days in last place, St. Louis (4-3) breathed the heady air of fifth place. Pete Vuckovich lifted the Cardinals out of the cellar by allowing just two runs in two games, winning twice and lowering his league-leading ERA to 2.18. New York (2-4) thoroughly enjoyed the visit of San Diego's KGB Chicken. "He's my hero," said Pitcher Jerry Koosman. "I think there should be more of that in baseball. I think the Mets should have a duck." It would be appropriate, too, because the Mets were drowning in last place.

PHIL 64-55 CHIC 52-59 PIT 58-62
MONT 58-65 ST. L. 51-72 NY 50-72

AL WEST "I know exactly how they felt," said George Brett of Kansas City (3-5). He was envisioning the fans in California (3-3). "They were going crazy when the score of our first game [a 5-1 loss to Minnesota that dropped the Royals into a first-place tie with the Angels] was posted. And they were giving standing ovations when zeros began showing up in our second game. But when that big '4' went up, the whole stadium was one big groan." Brett was largely responsible for the 4, slugging a three-run homer that powered K.C. to an 11-5 win.

Another volatile Royal was Manager Whurly Herzog. After the Twins hit K.C. Pitcher Doug Bird for—consecutively—a single, double, triple and home run, three of which came on two-strike counts, Herzog said, "Bird's been hurt all his life after getting two strikes on the batter." Turning his venom on Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch, who had prodded before the Mad Hungarian act of K.C. reliever Al Hrabosky, Herzog fumed, "Gene Mauch is a genius. That's why he's won all those pennants." Mauch hasn't won a pennant in his 18 years as a major league manager, but he did have the sense to unlease rookie Pitchers Roger Erickson and Barry Seim when Dave Goltz and Mike Marshall were ailing. The kids each won two complete-game victories as Minnesota went 7-2.

Chicago (4-3) was windy, indeed. Wilbur Wood, whose 10 wins led the staff, was upset when he was sent to the bullpen so that rock-

ie Ross Baumgarten could be used in the rotation, and Manager Larry Doby was furious when the umpires reversed a decision and gave Detroit's Tim Lincecum another chance to bat. Noticing shoe polish on the ball, the umpires decided it had bounced off Lincecum's foot before rolling fair. "I've never seen brown polish on a black shoe," Doby said. "I saw nothing but dirt on the ball."

There was a bomb scare during one Texas (5-3) game against the White Sox. It developed that the bomb was actually a package of golf balls left for Umpire Larry Barnett. The Rangers won 4-3 as Bobby Bonds had three hits against his former teammates. Then Jon Matlack beat the White Sox 1-0. Finally, there was the Great Locker Robbery. Arriving in Arlington, ex-Ranger Claudell Washington discovered that two gloves, three pairs of shoes, some underwear and a bottle of cologne were missing from his locker. It turned out that Texas clubhouse man Joe Macko was trying to get even for the \$158 he claimed Washington owed him. "After Washington got to the park, he sent one of the clubhouse kids to tell me we're even now," Macko said. "But I sent the kid back with the message that we aren't close. I got everything in his locker and I'll do it again next season until I get my \$158 worth." The next day White Sox General Manager Roland Hemond paid Macko the \$158 and promised he would take it out of Washington's paycheck. Unruffled, Washington singled, doubled and tripled as the White Sox joined the Rangers 6-2.

Seattle was not only playing good baseball (3-2), but also making interesting conversation. After stealing a team-record three bases as a 4-1 win over California, Julio Cruz said, "My body is all sore up. I guess when I get married the lady gonna say, 'What's the matter with you?' You always in a fight or something?"

Oakland (1-5) ended a seven-game losing streak by beating Boston 8-4 as newly acquired Rico Carty hit a home run. Oddly, Oakland seemed the most placid team in a warning division. "Damn, it's relaxing out here," said Reggie Jackson of the Yankees.

KC 65-55 CAL 68-57 TEX 60-60 OAK 62-63
MIN 58-67 CH11-70 SEA 46-77

AL EAST Leading 5-3 in the seventh, New York (4-2) was rained out after a 36-minute delay in Baltimore. The score automatically reverted to the previous completed inning, and suddenly the Yankees were 3-0 losers—not 5-3 winners. Predictably, they were furious. "The little shrimp [Oriole Manager Earl Weaver] has these umpires intimidated," said Lou Piniella, speaking at the top of his lungs so that the umpires in the adjoining room could hear. "Weaver shows up the huns all day, then they don't nail him to the wall when they have the chance." The next night the Yankee-

continued

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Oriole game was delayed by a 23-minute power failure at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, but the lights came back on. Mickey Rivers scored one run and drove in another, and Graig Nettles hit a two-run homer as New York won 4-1. The Yankees also were generous winners. Piniella called a fielding play that Baltimore Shortstop Mark Belanger made on him grounder "the greatest I've ever seen." Smiling from coast to coast, the Yankees took two more in Oakland and a rare road win over Seattle, where they had won only two in their previous eight attempts.

Milwaukee (6-2) began the week in despair, losing to the Red Sox 4-3 in 10 innings—the Brewers' 15th loss in 20 games. Eleven games behind Boston, the Brewers had to convince themselves they weren't out of the race. A visit by Toronto was the perfect elixir. Jerry Augustine stopped the Blue Jays 9-1, and Mike Caldwell and Ed Rodriguez cleaned up 8-1 and 3-2 in a doubleheader. Crowded Paul Molitor, who won the second game of the doubleheader with a two-run single. "Playing these guys is like facing Bob Uecker in batting practice." All the Blue Jays (1-6) had to crow about was Bob Bailor, who went 4 for 5 and scored the winning run from

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Dave Parker: The Pirate rightfielder ripped Cincinnati pitchers for two homers and five RBIs in a 13-2 mauling. With a 10-for-30 week, four homers and 14 RBIs, he now has 23 home runs, 80 RBIs and is hitting .304.

second base on a forceout as Toronto beat the Royals 3-2 in 10 innings.

With Carl Yastrzemski and Fred Lynn sidelined for varying periods, the Boston (4-3) attack leaned heavily on Jim Rice, who hit .455 with two homers and seven RBIs.

Baltimore (2-4) had 11 hits against California but Jim Palmer lost 4-3 on a base-running mistake by Rick Dempsey and some defensive lapses by his outfielders. The Orioles are 19-17 since the All-Star break. Deron (5-2) has a 25-11 record over the same period. Last week's heroes were Jack Billingham and Steve Kemp. Supposedly washed up when he reported from Cincinnati at the start of the season, Billingham won his 13th game in 18 decisions as a Tiger, whipping Cleveland 2-0. Boosted one night when he booted away a game with two errors, Kemp came back two days later to drive in six runs.

The Indians (1-7) could not even come up with a good joke. "Is that the right time?" Manager Jeff Torborg asked a reporter. "Ten-oh-three," the writer said. "Time flies when you're having fun," Torborg said. Nobody laughed.

BOS 77-45 NY 68-52 MIL 68-53 DET 67-53
BAL 64-57 CLE 53-68 TOR 46-78

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Under a news blackout, Ray Martin got a second chance and won the world pocket billiards title in the small hours

Unruffled at the Biltmore

We think of pool shooters having it out in barrooms, back rooms or maybe dimly lit auditoriums, and yet last week here they were, the world's best, wearing tuxedos and playing under the glittering chandeliers of the Grand Ballroom in the Biltmore Hotel in the heart of New York City. The Professional Pool Players Association had chosen to bring this year's World Open Pocket Billiards Championship into the spotlight. With perhaps pardonable exaggeration, they billed it as a \$100,000 tournament. "The whole idea was to draw other than just pool freaks," said PPPA Secretary Pete Margo.

The non-pool freaks that the PPPA hoped to draw were promoters, potential sponsors and television executives who might be moved to improve the future of pool by investing a little cash in the game. What pool needed was a stake horse, as the players would say.

Since its inception in 1976, the PPPA

has done a good deal for pool, putting on two world championships in Asbury Park, N.J. and selling four events to ABC's *Wide World of Sports* and NBC's *SportsWorld*. Other deals were in the works, but, largely because of pool's shabby image, the game has been unable to attract sponsors for any of its events.

Twenty-five years ago things were different. Pool's stars were tournament players like Willie Mosconi and Andrew Ponzani, gentlemen who wore pinky rings and played the game in tuxes. But after Mosconi retired in 1957, world tournaments vanished and pool went into recession. In 1961 *The Hustler* was released, with Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson, a rascal who slept days, drank nights and lived mainly to hold folks up with his two-piece cue, and a pool boomlet developed. But in the end, not even Newman could help, and an estimated 20,000 poolrooms closed down.

The PPPA thought that glamour—

black ties, the Biltmore and a prohibition on the usual after-hours money games—might help. A New York publicity firm was hired to spread the word.

Ads were booked in the newspapers, reporters from the *Times* and the *Post* were lured to a press conference at "21" and competitors were lined up for guest spots on *Good Morning, America*, *America Alive*, and *Midday Live*. Then, two days before the tournament opened, the New York dailies went on strike, which killed not only print coverage but local TV time as well, because with the newspapers out, television felt obliged to supply its viewers with gossip columnists, movie critics and *Soupy Sales* reading the funnies.

The news blackout was especially unfortunate because this year's Open had perhaps the finest field ever assembled, including the winners of every major tournament since 1975. It was also the largest world-tournament field ever, 52 players, one of whom was 19-year-old Jean Balukas, the first woman to qualify for a world tournament. Balukas is a six-time women's U.S. Open champion, but qualified for this event almost by accident. Her father, the owner of a billiard lounge in Brooklyn, lacked one player to fill a 16-man qualifier, so he entered his daughter. She won by defeating Rich Hansen, who had finished a creditable 15th in the 1977 World Open.

In all, 19 PPPA players qualified. The other 33 in the field paid \$300 each to enter. They included weekend players such as Ron Jarvis, a New York financial planner who might run a rack of balls if all goes well, but who was happy to pay the money to compete in a genuine world championship. "I'd be here anyway," said Jarvis, chomping on a cigar. "This way I get some action and, besides, the fee isn't that much more than I'd have paid for tickets."

The open entry also turned out to be a lifesaver for quality players who had neglected to qualify. One was Jim Rempe, who has won 35 tournaments since 1971, more by far than anyone. Another was Larry Liscio, the 1976 PPPA champ. Both had let their PPPA memberships lapse, and to enter they had to pay an additional \$200 initiation fee. Add in the cost of a week at the Biltmore, and they needed to finish eighth or better just to break even. "It's a horrible investment," Liscio said. "We'd hate for anybody to steal it though," said Rempe with a wink.

continued

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The format was simple: two flights of double elimination, the two survivors to play a 200-ball final. In one flight, Ray Martin of Clifton, N.J. sailed through six games unbeaten, outscoring his opponents 900-254. In his second match against Margo, Martin ran 99 straight in an easy 150-25 romp. "When he's just plink, plink, plinking them in like that," said Margo afterward, "nobody on earth's tougher."

Twelve years ago, at age 31, Martin began playing pool a few nights a week. "Those were hard years," Martin says. "Home at 6, pool from 10 until 3 a.m. and back to work by 7. I hated to get out of bed."

In 1971, using his savings and whatever he could borrow, Martin quit his job as a printer and bought the Clifton Billiard Lounge. That year he beat Irving Criss, Luther Lassiter and Joe Balsas—then the big three of straight pool—to win the World Invitational in Los Angeles. He has been at or near the top of the pool heap ever since.

At the table, Martin generally has trance-like concentration, a silky stroke and classic control of the cue ball. When he is on a long run, players call it "the Martin sleepwalk." He takes pride in playing for nothing more than cab fare, and until two years ago he had never played nine-ball, the gambling game of pool. He is professional and perfectionist, and has written a book—*The 99 Critical Shots in Pool*.

By contrast, Allen Hopkins, who emerged from the second flight to face Martin in the finals, hardly ever reads a book. "I prefer doing things," he says. Hopkins grew up shooting pool in Cranford, N.J., parked cars for a while after high school and then took to the road looking for nine-ball games. In 1971 his high school sweetheart, Sandy Geiger, suggested he come on home. "O.K.," he said, "but I'm always going to play pool." Soon after they were married, and from a stash of \$15,000 he had picked up on the way home, Hopkins and some partners bought what is now Hopkins

Billiard Room in Green Brook, N.J.

Hopkins still travels to play, mostly in the South, and prefers not to talk about it, though he won four nine-ball tournaments in the last few months. Until last year, when he took the PPPA championship, he was not thought of as a power in straight-pool circles. For a world-class player, Hopkins has a jerky stroke and plays angry, slamming down his chalk and often crouching to eye a path for an object ball, squinting his deep-blue eyes like a Western gunslinger. He is known as a rabbit when he is ahead and a bear when behind. "Hopkins will wear you out and grind you down to the bone," said Steve Mizerak, a four-time U.S. Open Pocket Billiard champion who was widely regarded as the man to beat at the Biltmore.

Beat Mizerak twice is what Hopkins did in reaching the final. After being stunned 150-19 by Rempe in the opening round, Hopkins came alive in the losers' bracket, eliminating Rempe before getting to Mizerak for the second time.

continued



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BILLIARDS *continued*

"I haven't played straight pool since last August," Hopkins said. "There's no action, so why bang heads?"

Saturday night, before a crowd of 900, the biggest of the tournament, Martin and Hopkins started cautiously, but in the seventh inning Hopkins loosened up, running 57 balls for a 94-53 lead. In the 10th he cleaned off two more racks to go ahead 121-57, and had Martin squirming in his seat. But then Hopkins overcut an easy shot at the 6 ball in the side and kicked the floor. For a moment Martin didn't stir. Then he rose from his seat exclaiming, "Oh, I was sleeping."

In his next 15 turns, with both men playing deliberately, Martin inched back into contention, mixing safeties, intentional fouls, small runs and more safeties with a constant stream of chatter to the crowd. "Lord, help me. Got to have a sense of humor. I do something right? Ah, the pressure and the pain." The display, totally uncharacteristic of Martin, had even Hopkins smiling. Behind 153-136, Martin chalked up, pocketed the 7 ball and finished off a rack. He then ran racks two, three and four to reach 192, but a break shot missed the rack and Martin played a safety. Two turns later, the rack of balls loose but not wide open, Martin stroked a length-of-the-table 14 ball in the corner. It massed badly and scattered the rack of balls all over. Hopkins leapt to his feet, needing just 47 balls.

He sank three balls quickly, eyed a difficult one-in-the-corner and pumped the cue ball softly. The 1 ball trickled toward the pocket, grazed the rail, juggled in the mouth of the pocket and hung on the table.

Martin rose, wiped his hands with a towel and quickly drilled home the last nine balls. Out of the crowd came Ron Jarvis, the weekend player, with a cigar in mouth. He heisted Martin on his shoulders, getting a king-sized piece of action for his \$300. "It's a game of desire," Martin said, "and I desired it and desired it." He took home \$4,000, and Hopkins \$2,500.

Up in the balcony, a little after 2 a.m. Sunday, Margo was figuring the bottom line. Receipts overall had been \$21,500, or about \$3,000 shy of the break-even point, but Margo was not unhappy. "We survived," he said. "We're coming back next year."

They're pool players. They'll always survive. Even without a stake horse. **END**



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Raised by Women to Conquer Men

Cosseted by his grandmother, coached by his mother, Jimmy Connors bestrode the world of tennis in 1974. Although he has slipped since, he refuses to alter his game

by Frank Deford



Connors

continued

A man who has been the indisputable favorite of his mother keeps for life the feeling of conqueror, the confidence of success which often induces real success.

—SIGMUND FREUD

Jimmy Connors was the indisputable favorite of his grandmother as well, and so, he is most abundantly infused with this magic milk. It surges through his veins, suppressing every doubt and every defeat. And why not? The two women had promised him the world, and, just so, he grasped it in 1974: only 21, but already champion of all he surveyed, Alexander astride Bucephalus astride the globe. He won the Wim-

bledon final with the loss of but six games, Forest Hills with the loss of but two. Wise men in tennis sat about and seriously contemplated whether he would win every major title for, say, the next decade.

Conqueror was what he was, too, because Connors did not merely win. He assaulted the opposition, laid waste to it, often mocked it, as well, simply by the force of his presence. The other players feared to go against him, because the most awesome legend that can surround any athlete sprang up about Connors: the better any mortal played against him, the better Connors became. So, he became invincible upon the court, because no man could beat him, and he was inviolate

off the court, because his mother had told him so.

Two months ago, on July 8, Connors lost the 1978 Wimbledon final, winning only seven games against an ascendant Bjorn Borg. Since 1974 Connors has played in seven major finals and lost six.

What has happened is disillusioning for Connors and his mother. They speak of the latest rack and ruin by Borg in hallucinatory terms, and Jimmy fitfully retreats to the glorious conquests of yore: "They'll be talking about '74 when I'm dead.... Don't forget what I did in '74.... Nobody can ever take '74 from me." On and on like that. And the greatest irony is that '74 will be devalued if he does not triumph over Borg in '78, because this year Borg can win the Grand Slam and the Davis Cup—and as extraordinary as '74 was, Connors did not achieve that. For history, then, what would '74 become but a real good year a kid had just before Borg became great?

And that was so long ago—1974. Since then Connors' father has died, and his surrogate father—his manager, Bill Riordan—has become estranged from him. His only male instructor, Pancho Segura, has been discharged. His engagement to Chris Evert, the one sweet love of his life, was called off, nearly at the altar. Looking back, it all began to unravel then, the loss of dear ones and tournaments alike. A kind of incompleteness has come to plague Connors. In the big tournaments, the ones he shoots for, he virtually never loses until the finals. What is it there? What seizes him at the last step? There is a flaw somewhere, something that denies him consummation in his life.

"It happened so fast," Chris Evert says. Oddly, she and Jimmy have matured more in the difficult ways of their love than they have as players in a simple game. "There was no emotional foundation, nothing to fall back on," Evert says. "You must never forget that he made No. 1 when he was 21, and now he's not No. 1. That makes him so defensive. You see, he's still a champion. He isn't No. 1, but he hasn't lost the qualities of a champion."

It is suddenly fashionable to blithely dismiss Connors as a mere cipher against



Everything was rosy at Wimbledon in 1974 when Jimmy and Chris won and were doubly bubbly

Borg—as easy as it once was to consider Connors unbeatable. But no, there is too much of the sublime in Connors' game to suggest that anyone ever could own him. The technique is still all there, but the passion has been muted. So now, starting this week at the U.S. Open, we shall find out if the man is capable of what once the boy and mother accomplished. For that matter, we shall find out soon enough if there is a man to surmount the boy.

In retrospect, Arthur Ashe may have dismantled the invincible Jimbo by upsetting him in the 1975 Wimbledon final. Although he won Forest Hills in 1976, Connors has never really been the same since. In the months before the Ashe match, in the period after Jimmy and Chrissie broke up, Connors had already begun to self-destruct—ballooning in weight, running imperiously over good people and firm obligations. But by Wimbledon time he was primed, and all the more forbidding for the callousness he had displayed.

Now rampant upon the court, he did not lose a set in the early matches at Wimbledon. In the semifinals he came up against Roscoe Tanner, who has the best service in the game. That day Tanner was serving in his very best—yet Connors obliterated him 6-4, 6-1, 6-4. *The New York Times* correspondent, Fred Tupper, an able—and restrained—tennis authority for several decades, wrote in awe, "Did anybody ever see a ball hit so hard? ... Connors' performance today staggers the imagination and confuses the memory."

Incredibly, Connors rose to this majesty despite a secret leg injury—something called an interior compartment syndrome—which he had suffered in his opening match. After beating Tanner, Connors went to Chelsea Hospital, and as he lay on the examination table the doctors called Riordan aside and told him that the damage to the leg was growing dangerous, and the final could only be played at the risk of crippling Connors, perhaps of ending his career. Riordan broke the news to Connors, who replied that it was the final of Wimbledon and he had to play. Riordan then turned

to leave, and Connors called plaintively to him.

"Bill," he said, "don't tell Mom."

Connors and his mother shared a hotel room (they are as frugal as they are close). She knew he was going for treatments, but not that he was putting his playing life—the one she had created for him—on the line.

Ashe beat him badly. There was no evidence that Connors was at a physical disadvantage, but he played as if in a daze. Ashe changed his style for the match, as Borg would come up with new tricks for him years later—but Connors could not, or would not, adjust. There were no a-lis-afterward. There never are. Although often crude and ill-mannered upon the

court, Connors is almost always a gracious sportsman once the game is done. But Ashe had belied the cat. The conqueror that the mother and the grandmother had carefully fashioned was exposed. Riordan, who did not tell Mom, was banished by the end of the summer; Chrissie and Segura were already gone. And also departing soon enough was that unshakable confidence, the mystical armor his mother had spent a childhood dressing him in.

Two months after the Ashe defeat, Connors lost another final, to Manolo Orantes at Forest Hills. By now he was indulging himself with groupies and food, taking both to excess. Under tension, Connors gorges himself. At tournaments,

continued



After Jimbo's loss at Forest Hills in 1975, Mom and his friend the Nastase commiserated with him

in training, he will devour four or five large meals a day. At that time, in '75, lost and depressed, he gained 30 pounds. One day in Acapulco he saw himself in the mirror—"a spare tire, fat face; I only had slits for eyes." He reached for the phone "After I called my mom, I lost 18 pounds in the next two weeks," he says.

And so he started back, but something was never recovered from that night at Chelsea Hospital and the next afternoon on Centre Court. By this summer of 1978, even before he fell to Borg, other players had begun to see in Connors a pathetic parody of his old self. "Jimmy's always exuded such confidence," Ashe says, "and real or not, it seemed all the more intimidating because it was cocooned in that aura of bravado and brashness. But now even that seems specious. He's scared about something. I don't know what's happened, but he's not the same."

"The kid is psyched," says Riordan. At Wimbledon, Riordan took Borg at 7 to 1 to win in straight sets and cashed in big against his Jimbo.

Gloria Thompson Connors proudly points out that she and her mother are the only women ever to have developed a men's champion. Whatever more Jimmy achieves, theirs was an amazing accomplishment, and no one should be surprised at the obvious—at how much the mother lives for the son and how much he depends on her. Naturally, if this were not so, it never could have worked.

Of the other major influences upon Jimbo, Segura was merely brought in as a retriever, a male totem, to help Connors "think like a man" on the court, while Riordan was tapped as something of a necessary evil in the shattered times after the grandmother, Bertha Thompson, died in 1972. Bertha was known as Two Mom, a name bestowed on her by Johnny, the older of the two Connors children. Johnny had originally been cast as the future champion, but, as Gloria has noted many times, he lacked the requisite "guts." The second boy, the left-hander, did not. Eerily, it was Jimmy whom Gloria was carrying when she personally cut and cleared the land behind their house to build the tennis court that would give meaning to her life.

This sporting monument at 632 North 68th Street, East St. Louis, Ill., is now grown over, in disrepair. But then, so is the whole town run down, forgotten by the whites who abandoned it. But while East St. Louis was never fashionable, while it was always the other side, when Gloria Thompson was growing up there it was a well-kept blue-collar borough, the municipal manor of Mayor John T. Connors.

That was Jimmy's grandfather, Mayor Connors had one son, Big Jim, a good-looking, well-liked fellow of no particular abilities. He was sent off to Notre Dame and, back home, was provided with the sinecure of running the toll bridge that spanned the Mississippi into St. Louis at the other end of 68th Street.

Gloria's father, Al Thompson, was chief of the city parks police. Hers was a disciplined, rock-ribbed upbringing. As the Connorses were open and genial, so were the Thompsons tight and skeptical, even suspicious. Jimmy Connors got his athletic genes from the maternal side. Al Thompson had been a middleweight boxer and a lifeguard, and when he and Two Mom were courting, they shared their love this way: "He taught her to swim, she

taught him to play tennis. They had one child, and the happiest times of Gloria's life were spent at Jones Park, which she recalls as a nearly idyllic place where she would swim in a sand-bottomed pool and then skip past a beautiful lagoon to the tennis courts. "Believe me," she declares earnestly, "I never went to a country club as nice as Jones Park." The remark is not offhand. Tennis was a country-club activity, and the Thompsons, the cop's family, insular by nature, grew even more defensive as tennis brought them into contact with the swells across the river.

Says a St. Louisan who has known the family for many years, "Gloria was taught, 'They're all out to get us,' and that's what she taught Jimmy. His mother is the only person he trusts. They're really not comfortable with anybody else. They have such overpowering loyalty to each other that they're incapable of any lasting outside relationships. Their own relationship is spooky. I swear, it's always been like there was a tube going from her veins into his." One of the first things mother and son bring up (independently) is that she can correct his game over the telephone merely by sensing what has gone awry.

Gloria was a fine athlete in her youth, but there was no evidence then of the drive and single-mindedness that would consume her on behalf of her son. Pauline Betz Addie, a world tennis champion in the mid '40s, says, "It's impossible for me to believe these accounts of Gloria today—hard and mean. Never. She was the sweetest, most ingenious, lovely person." She was pretty, too, a good catch. Surely no one in the world photographs worse than Gloria Connors. In fact, she is a lovely woman, gossamer feminine, all grace and poise. The good-looking mayor's boy, who had had his eye on Gloria since childhood, wooed her, married her, and they settled in the trim little red brick house on 68th Street.

This marriage of opposites never worked. Big Jim died of cancer last year, and both Gloria and Jimmy stoutly uphold his memory, but from all objective accounts, theirs was a house divided by tennis. Big Jim learned of his son's engagement to Christie over the radio. When Jimmy won Wimbledon in '74, he couldn't be bothered to take his father's congratulatory phone call. Gloria explains it this way. "My husband enjoyed

continued

Former father figure Riordan bet against Jimbo

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being around people in the evenings, and, of course, he had to take care of Johnny. We all had to sacrifice. You see, we more or less had to part ways if Jimmy was to play the tournaments he had to. Two Mom and I had a job to do."

Unlike Johnny, now a teaching pro in Atlanta, Jimmy's interest in competitive tennis never flagged. "I've been known as a pushy stage-door [sic] mother, but my biggest problem was to stop him from playing tennis," Gloria says. "He's always been the same. Why, he couldn't wait to kick the slats out of his playpen and get started in life. But always a homebody, Johnny would like to spend the night at other boys' houses. Not Jimmy. He was so happy just being in his own home. You know, he was so much like his grandmother especially. Why, we were a team. We were three peas in a pod."

Soon everything was devoted to Jimmy's tennis potential. It was Gloria's pleasure to become, as she describes it, "a human backboard." No detail was overlooked. On the boys' circuit, free tournament housing would be declined, and the team would spend money it really couldn't afford to spend to stay in a motel, so that Jimbo would not get chummy with the children he had to beat. In St. Louis, Gloria would transport him about to clubs, soliciting good adult players to hit with the child. Those who lacked the zeal for this pastime were dismissed as snobs. At the same time, those pros who took an interest in the boy and sought to help him were suspected of trying to "steal" him from his mother.

Two Mom told Gloria, "Don't bring anybody else into the picture. You made him, Glo. Don't ever hand him over to anybody." If there is one thread that weaves most prominently through the whole fabric of the relationship, it is this one. And yet, contrary to what is generally assumed, Mrs. Connors does not appear to be motivated by selfishness. No, she is simply and utterly devoted to this son, and she is convinced that no one else can serve him so well as she.

"Yes sir, we fought it," Gloria says. "But if no one would play with Jimmy, he had me. I played him every day—every good day—of the year, every year. And we played hard. We taught him to be a tiger. 'Get those tiger juices flowing!' I would call out, and I told him to try and knock the ball down my throat,

and he learned to do this because he found out that if I had the chance I would knock it down his. Yes sir. And then I would say, 'You see, Jimbo, you see what even your own mother will do to you on a tennis court?'"

Ah, but off the court he was pampered: bikes and go-carts, a pony. More important, he was spoiled emotionally, always shielded from life's little adversities. This arrangement remains in force to this day. Connors is about as difficult to reach as any public figure in the country; he has been protected for so long that he will go to almost any lengths to avoid personal confrontation off the court; by his own admission he finds it constitutionally impossible to say no. He avoids contention in real life as he seems to seek it on the court.

It is all bizarre and contradictory. Once Connors has been tamed, he is not only wonderfully genial, but he also seems to enjoy himself. In paid personal appearances, he is charming, considerate of strangers and supplicants to a fault. He will never refuse an autograph. Children adore him, and he seems happiest of all in the haven of their innocent affection.

But now it seems the price of a lifetime of the Connors insularity must be paid upon the court. Connors seems incapable of making hard decisions—even to honestly assess, much less change, his game or strategy. Out there, on the concrete garden, only the tiger was formed—and his only response was to salivate more tiger juices. That very quality of his mother's that protected him, that let him gain the world championship, now appears to be vitiating him. "Wouldn't you be different with your mother around all the time?" like Nastase says. "I don't mean better or worse, I just mean very different."

Nastase was once very close with Connors. Then, at their TV challenge match in 1976, Nastase was wounded by some tiger-juice insults that Connors hurled at him, and last year, in a match at Caesars Palace—where Connors had never been beaten in a dozen outings—Nastase was prepared. When Connors began abusing him, Nastase stopped him dead by saying, "You don't want to fight. Go get your mother." Connors, shaking, was beaten for the first time on that court.

Acknowledging the incident, Nastase adds beseechingly, "Hey, don't get Gloria mad at me." For, notwithstanding Pauline Adde's tender memories, Mrs. Connors is feared. She is feared as a zealot, for being an implacable advocate for her son. When, after months of negotiations, Riordan obtained the unheard-of guarantee of \$500,000 for a single match—a figure so large even CBS considered it obscene and refused to divulge it—Gloria's first response was that it should be a million. Last year a three-man round-robin among Borg, Vilas and Connors was set up for television. Michelob was bankrolling it for \$1 million. \$500,000 for the winner, \$300,000 for the runner-up, \$200,000 for show. At worst, 200 grand for losing two exhibitions over a weekend. "Isn't there something else?" Mrs. Connors said to the promoter, Gene Scott. "There has to be an extra \$250,000 for Jimbo." Michelob, aghast at this hubris, walked.

Such examples are legion. The possibility that somebody somewhere might "use" Jimbo haunts the Connors entourage. What makes this all the more fascinating is that neither Gloria nor Jimmy gives a tinker's damn about money. In all their lives, they have been extravagant only with their love and loyalty for one another.

In her devotion to him, Gloria makes sure that everyone pays in some way to use Jimbo—the press in the currency of delay and exasperation, which it can least afford. She is herself, frankly, "scared" of the press, and she has a right to be, for she is never treated sympathetically, and often savagely. Jimmy's image may be as negative, but the press is hardly to blame; his cockiness and vulgarity, the strut and bluster, are visible enough that they do not need to be filtered through newspaper columns in order to produce a bad public taste.

But poor Gloria: the exacting impression of her derives more from deep-seated biases. People who don't know Mrs. Connors from Mrs. Calabash just plain don't like the idea of her. She is, first of all, dead correct in what she has perceived that she is viewed as a stage mother, and that Americans do not approve of that species. It is dandy for Mickey Mantle's father to instruct his son to switch-hit, but only a pushy dame like Judy Garland's mother would shove that

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poor kid onto the stage. Moreover, in our affluent society, parents who lavish stereos and Toyotas upon their children are approved of, while those who only devote their time and talent are eyed suspiciously; they make other parents feel guilty. This is all the more so with Gloria, because as a coach she comes in the wrong sex. She and Jimmy are also victims of sexism.

To be sure, it is an unusual relationship. To be sure, Gloria is on guard in private, and Jimmy is obnoxious in public. Guaranteed, they will find a way to louse up public relations. And yet, for all the negative consequences that this unusual relationship might encompass, nobody ever pauses to acknowledge the greater truths: that this relationship contains an extraordinary amount of love, and that this relationship made Jimmy Connors champion of the world.

By now they expect no quarter. Having been cross-examined on their relationship for so long, they are both defensive—as Nastase proved consummately—and they both have put answers. They maintain that all final decisions are Jimbo's, and both will intimate archly that people who are offended by their relationship probably have very unhappy family histories themselves. Says Jimmy, "The people who talk meanly about my mom and me are just a lot of people who are jealous. Wouldn't most people like to love their mom or dad the way I do?" He always adds the "or dad" when making this point.

As important as Gloria has been to her son, she has never really been isolated with him until now. Two Mom was a constant presence for the first two decades. "Our right arm," as Gloria always refers to her, Stonewall Jackson to her Lee. Jimmy is just as emphatic. "Both my mom and my grandma gave me my blood." So much was Two Mom on the road with Gloria and Jimmy that the family took to calling Al "Lonesome Pop," and, after Two Mom died (while in Los Angeles, with Gloria), Lonesome Pop suggested it might be more appropriate for Gloria to take his cemetery plot next to Two Mom's.

One of the reasons why Riordan, the outsider, could come to exert such authority for a time was that he was, in effect, Two Mom's legacy. She had admired him, and suggested to Gloria that

if they ever did need a male specialist off the court, he might fill the bill. Riordan, who is in bitter litigation against the family now, is a non-person in their eyes who tried to take over tennis by "using" Jimmy as the wedge, but the fact cannot be avoided that he was a major male influence in Jimmy's life at precisely that time when he was leaving adolescence and becoming a public figure. With legal suits that became a crusade approaching paranoia, Riordan probably brought a surfeit of contentiousness into the life of a boy already brimming with antagonisms.

But Riordan did provide Connors with a close, influential adult male figure for the only time in his life—and it showed. Away from the tennis Establishment, Connors exhibited an ease and good humor that he has never again shown. Granted, some of his comic material came with lines written, inflection indicated, by Riordan, but the public image was of a dead-end kid who could stop and laugh at the world and himself. Since Riordan's leavening influence has disappeared, this breezy Cagney figure has hardened into a surly and sour wise-guy—the bluster and forced antics culminating in the mortifying episode at Forest Hills last year when Connors ran around the net onto the other side of the court and crased a ball mark that his opponent, Corrado Barazzutti, was citing as evidence of a bad call (Connors says now he blucked out on his feet and doesn't recall the incident.)

Jimmy was so at home with Riordan because he obviously could see much of his father in him. Like Big Jim, hanging around the Stop Light Restaurant back home, telling stories, having some Scotchies, laughing with the gang—"My husband enjoyed being around people in the evenings," says Gloria—Riordan is a social animal, in search of any crowd to which he can distribute his blarney and sly jests out of the corner of his mouth. He really fit in: a conservative Catholic, devoted to tennis, with a strong wife and tight family ties. "Bill was a father image for Jimmy," Chris Evert says. "He put a lot on the line for this guy. I don't mean just his reputation. Jimmy put his emotions up for Riordan."

Playing, competing, with a racket in his left hand, Jimbo is more a Thomp-

son than a Connors—in a sense, he is Jimmy Thompson. Has any player ever been more natural? But then, in an instant, he wiggles his tail, waves a finger, tries to joke or be smart, tries too hard—for he is not facile in this way and his routines are forced and embarrassing, and that is why the crowds dislike him. He is Jimmy Thompson no more. He is trying so hard to be Jimmy Connors, raised by women to conquer men, but unable to be a man, to be Big Jim or Bill Riordan. He is unable to be one of the boys.

Connors says he "holds no grudges" against Riordan, but there is no question but that the older man took something valuable of Jimmy's when he was sent packing. "So much of it goes back to Jimmy's growing up, to the way people back home treated him," Evert says. "This was all inside him, and then he confided in Riordan, put his emotions on the line for him, and now he feels betrayed. So now his attitude is: You see, it is true. It is, I can't trust anybody."

Then, Riordan gone, body and soul, Connors' real father died of cancer on Jan. 30, 1977. Jimmy was holding Big Jim's hand at the end. At the time, Connors' traveling companion was Marjorie Wallace, a former Miss World, but she faded from Jimmy's life shortly after his father died, and there has been no serious new romantic interest since then.

Last year Connors was sometimes convoyed about by a hard-nosed phalanx of Gilbert and Sullivan bodyguards, but they have been superseded, mercifully, by Lorne Kuhle, an affable 34-year-old Las Vegas teaching pro. Kuhle is a favorite practice partner and a devoted friend ("You know what Jimmy is? He's just a good American kid"), but obviously he cannot harvest the emotional ground that lovers and fathers have turned and planted.

So Gloria's universe expands. Now she is everything to Jimmy: mother (he calls her "Mom" in that capacity), coach ("Coach"), best friend and business manager ("Glo"). So totally involved are Gloria and Jimmy with one another that, since it was knocked down to a two-person operation, the mother and son have engaged in some dreadful arguments: shouting matches in hotel rooms, Jimmy using some four-letter names that tennis people have been embarrassed to overhear. Both mother and son dismiss these

episodes as healthy outbursts. "Look, I can cut it for you," Connors says. "First, she's my mom—you know, the one who creates you. She's my mom first and always will be. But she's my coach and my friend too, and if we scream at each other sometimes, that just clears the air. That's good among friends."

Only Evert appears to be in a position to exert a major influence on Connors. She fills all the necessary criteria. She is female, which he prefers—"I'd rather be friends with a woman than a man any day"—and she is enduring. All of the Connors family intimates must stand the test of time. Besides, it is obvious by now that Chrissie and Jimmy can't get each other out of their systems. That doesn't necessarily mean that they will marry someday. It just means they can't get each other out of their systems.

In fact, what has emerged from a teenage infatuation is a tender, understanding adult affection. "We fell in love when we were so young," says Chris, "before we were friends. Jimmy has always worked harder on the court than anyone, but he's always been completely pampered off. His mom thinks he deserved it that way. So you must be very attentive to Jimmy. And I don't want to sound harsh, please, because much of this also applies to me, to athletes in general. So when we were together, each of us was thinking about ourselves. It's very tough for Jimmy to give on those occasions, because he gives so much on the court, and you come to expect it off. And then, of course, most of the time you do get it off the court. Imagine us, two kids, so young, in love for the first time, each expecting the other to give." She shakes her head.

With Chris, with any woman, Connors feels more relaxed "because I'm never in competition with them." Besides, as he was schooled to be a tiger on the court, so was he taught to be a gentleman off, and nowhere is this more evident than in his relationships with women. He believes in ladies, old-fashioned manners and modesty. The well-publicized itinerant liaison with Marie Wallace was really something of a baffling interlude, because the family background, as Mrs. Connors volunteers, was very puritanical. She herself had a "girls academy" upbringing. Jimmy

spent several years in parochial schools, and, indeed, the ostensible reason for Two Mom being drafted as an extra escort was that the family considered it scandalous that a married woman would journey about alone, with only a child. In private conversation, Jimmy can go literally for hours without so much as a "damn" escaping his lips, and in the men's locker room he is known for his obsessive modesty, never appearing without a towel held primly about his waist.

So here, perhaps, is the greatest contradiction of all between the public figure and the private man: a genuine personal prudery contrasted with the grotesque machismo and vulgarity he flaunts upon his stage. Connors' court pantomimes are invariably sexual, his imprecations obscene, his attempts at comedy and his belligerent statements sexual or scatological. For a time he and Nastase used to drift into a mincing "queer" act. Jimbo was going to show the world that he is not some sissy or mama's boy, but that he can be as coarse and crude as any father's son.

Not even Riordan could fathom these upside-down transformations. "Jimbo was so thoughtful," he says. "He always called his mom. Whenever he saw me, he'd ask about Terry, my wife. When I first sent him to Europe, he clung to me at the airport. 'Bill, please don't leave me,' he said. He was such a child. And we had such fun. I could make Jimmy laugh."

"But then all of a sudden, out of the blue, he'd be obscene, and I'd just get lost then, because it was so distasteful to me. And I never understood any of that in him, because it doesn't fit. Which is strange, because that's how he is on the court, that's what people see the most. But it's not his dominant side—not at all. And I could forget it and go on being fond of him because we had so many good things, so many good times, and there should have been so much more of that ahead."

One day, when Jimbo was 11 or 12, Gloria and Two Mom took him out to the backyard court and told him it was time to abandon his childish two-handed backhand and start learning to hit backhands with one hand. This had always been their intention. The two women watched the child hit one-handed for a

couple of days, and then Two Mom said, "Let's put it back, Glo. By the time he's 19 or 20 he should be able to tear tennis apart with the two-handed backhand." Two Mom, as usual, was right as rain.

Still, as great as Connors' backhand is—one of the three or four best shots in tennis history—what always set the kid apart was his ability to be offensively unorthodox: he scores best from defensive situations, especially with the return of serve. No one ever used an opponent better against himself. No wonder players hated to face him.

For power, Connors learned to literally throw himself at the ball. His main source of strength comes from his thighs: it is his secret, a perfect, fluid weight transfer. And then, finally, he grew adept at what is known in tennis as hitting the ball on the rise—meeting the ball as it comes off the court, before it bounces to its apex. That is the ultimate attack, taking it on the rise, a man spitting back bullets. It speeds up the game infinitesimally in time, exponentially in fact, by putting constant pressure upon the other man. To hit on the rise requires three essentials: excellent vision (Connors' is 20-15), superb coordination (he even slugs with a trampolene-like steel racket) and utter confidence.

And so the Connors' all-court game grew as a whole, each part advancing with all the others, and one day, when he was 16, only five years before he was to win Wimbledon, he beat his mother. He came to the net apologetic, and said, "Gee, Mom, that hurt. I didn't mean to do that."

Gloria almost cried. "No, no, Jimmy," she said. "Don't you know? This is one of the happiest days of my life."

But now it seems that everything there after has been anticlimactic. Even 1974 just came naturally, in the wake. Nothing ever changes. To even acknowledge that changes might be considered would, it seems, repudiate all that Gloria and Two Mom did with a child many years ago. For example, Connors' serve has always been relatively weak, and Borg exposed it at Wimbledon as an outright liability. But when Jimmy and his mother worked out for a week after that defeat, no special attention was paid to his serve, to his forehand approach or to any other of the weaker elements of his game. "His serve is good enough for me," Glo-

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ria says emphatically, peeved. "We just worked on the overall game. Borg just had one of those days, like Jimmy did in '74 against Rosewall."

Unfortunately, Borg and Connors only meet in the finals, on Saturdays and Sundays, and those appear to be the two particular days Borg has. Besides, even if Borg did just happen to get hot at Wimbledon, the real crux of the matter is that even just a year ago, under no circumstances could Borg have ever routed Connors in straight sets. But Borg has worked on his game and it has matured. Borg, the machine, the robot—"The Clone," his colleagues call him—he, not the exciting, bombastic Connors, has put variety and spice into his game.

Connors is so locked into the past he cannot bear to change even his practice routines. Practices are rugged and spirited physically, but they only amount to "hits" against lesser players. In Los Angeles, Connors' regular sparring partner is Stan Cantor, a middle-aged movie producer, on the road, he hits against Kühle. Dick Stockton, who has known Jimmy since childhood, says, "To improve, you must practice against players of your own ability and you must work on the individual parts of your game. If Jimmy really wanted Kühle to help him, he'd have him hit 300 balls in a row to his forehead and butt. But Jimmy can't change. He only knows one way."

And that is precisely what Connors himself says, again and again, as a point of pride. "It isn't me if I don't play the way my mom taught me.... My mom gave me my game, and she taught me one way, that lines were made to be hit.... My mom and my grandma were the only ones who ever touched my game, and they taught me to play one way. There's no other way."

And as with style, so with intensity. Connors boasts, accurately, admirably, "I peak every time I play." He loved to hear Riordan, an old racetrack buff, tell stirring tales of Bill Hartack, the cantankerous jockey who was famous for two things: fighting the Establishment and riding every race as though it were the Kentucky Derby. "My mom taught me she'd rather have me play correctly for 30 minutes, her way, than play messing around for two hours," Jimmy says. "Play 30 minutes right, then I could go ride my pony or mumble." Thus, even

practice games against Cantor or Kühle are conducted as vendettas, with growling and curses. Every shot is for real. As ever, there is Gloria across the net. You see, Jimmy, you see what even your own mother will do to you on the court?

Just as Connors must give his all in every match, so does he exhibit uncommon physical courage. In 1977 he played all of Wimbledon with a broken left thumb. When an X-ray technician brought the news, he said, "Well, Mr. Connors, I guess you won't be playing tennis for a few weeks." Connors sneered, "You want to bet, sucker?" They put on a splint that dug in so hard the blood was gushing down his arm. The Connorses came back for another splint; they never told a soul, there would be no excuses, and he went to 6-4 in the fifth set of the finals, to that very last step, when, as ever, it was not his thumb that kept him from winning.

And yet, in contrast, since 1974 Connors has defaulted from almost 20 tournaments, often with the most transparent excuses of all health at the 11th hour. "Why should I let someone make a name off of me, beating me when I'm not right?" Connors snaps. Nobody sees Jimbo. What he does not say is what is apparent, that whereas he needs a physical excuse to get him off the hook, he is "not right" for psychological reasons. If there is not enough animosity on tap, not enough tiger juices flowing, then Connors does not dare to even venture into competition.

We should remember that 1974, his year, was swollen with vitriol and tension—and he was near unbeatable. And what of 1978? At the time Borg laid waste to him, it was hard to find a player who did not mention how Connors had mellowed, become friendlier. Bill Norris, a tennis trainer and an old friend, says, "Jimmy's found an inner peace. He's much more aware of other people's feelings."

"Jimmy was brought up to win on hate," says a top player, a contemporary. "How long could anyone keep winning on hate?" If Connors' game is locked into the past, if it remains exactly the same, it may, nonetheless, have diminished in one almost imperceptible way: hating the ball on the rise. To the keenest eyes, Jimbo does not appear to be taking the ball

quite so soon. He has either lost the confidence to perform this feat, or somewhere deep inside a little bit of the killer instinct has poled, and he is giving the poor guy on the other side a chance, an instant more of breathing room. And the balls are coming back.

Borg, though, so bland, so unflappable, is a special problem. Connors tries to dislike him. He tries to hate him. Give Jimbo that. For years he would snarl that Borg had "no guts," and he always goes chasing after him. After Wimbledon, Jimbo vowed, "I'll chase the son of a bitch to the ends of the earth." And in the weeks that have followed, that charge has been embellished: "I'll be waiting for him.... I'll dog him everywhere.... Every time Borg looks around he'll see my shadow."

But the problem is that it is not Björn Borg who is the target. It is his own man that the boy is chasing. Jimbo will be 26 next week, and the boy and his mother can only go so far. There must be the man to accept the harsh truths, so that once again he can win finals, win other people. If ever Jimmy Connors would stop trying to be something else, if only Jimmy Connors would again take the ball on the rise, the way he once did, crushing it, crashing forward, taking no prisoners, what a dreadnought he would be. Why, that would make 'em forget '74—and serve 'em right!

But no one knows if he is capable of the necessary changes. What we do know is that only one mother has made a man's champion, but that no mother has ever kept a man champion.

"As well as I know Jimmy," Chris Evert says, "a lot of times I don't know what goes on in his head. But if he still has me baffled, I know that he's still got himself baffled, too. Jimmy might know himself better if he would ever spend some time soul-searching. But he won't."

"He's always had to hate the men players to be at his best. But they don't hate him anymore. A lot of them have even come to like him. So he's got to find a new motivation, and that's going to be very hard for Jimmy."

It is strange that as powerful as the love is that consumes the Connorses, Jimbo has always depended on hate in order to win. And all along that must have been the hard way. There is no telling how far a man could go who could learn to take love on the rise. **END**

Time out: SportsWorld

We've finished our first season of NBC's SportsWorld. Nine months of running, jumping, swimming, throwing, racing, hurling, shooting, hitting, skiing, batting, lifting, pushing, winning, losing, tying, pumping, gaining, training, pulling, kicking, vaulting, sprinting, springing, driving, diving, sailing, soaring, boxing and playing.

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NBC SportsWorld



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TOO BRUTAL Sir:

I have been involved with football, off and on, for 40 years—as a player, a parent, a high school team physician and, for the past five years, as an official working high school games. I fervently hope that the popularity and availability of your magazine will be able to accomplish with John Underwood's article *An Unfolding Tragedy* (Aug. 14 et seq.) what repeated articles in sports medicine journals and officials' handbooks have not been able to do—effect a change, not just in rules but also in the philosophy that perpetuates brutality in football.

As long as football is played as a junior version of World War II with players as cannon fodder, coaches as personifications of Punon and alumni who emulate the audacious of Roman gladiatorial extravaganzas, rule changes and equipment modifications will be only temporizing. I am proud that the National Federation of State High School Associations led the way in outlawing blocks below the waist on kicks, spearing, butt blocking and face-to-numbers tackling. The resistance from coaches here was transitory.

I love football. It does teach valuable lessons. Soccer is a game of mediocrity. I firmly believe, however, that until the macho sadism of spectators, alumni, coaches, sponsors and players is modified, football will go the way of bareknuckle prizefighting. My respective hats are off to you for a very responsible, courageous piece of sports journalism.

JED E. GOLDBERG, M.D.
Tulsa

Sir:

John Underwood's article opened my eyes to the potentially damaging job I have been doing in teaching the head-to-numbers blocking and tackling techniques. I am 24 and was always taught to do it that way. I thought it was the only way. I coach high-school-age boys and now realize the importance of de-emphasizing the helmet as a weapon. I am now committed to teaching shoulder-first techniques. Any coach who is genuinely concerned about the welfare of his players will make the same decision.

KEITH ALAN YOUNG
Toledo

Sir:

I am a college student whose greatest ambition is to become a football coach. As an advocate of butt blocking and tackling, I saw your article on brutality in football as a threat to my coaching methods. Now, after reading the story, I can face the fact that, like so many others, I was afraid of change. I hope you have awakened enough people

so that the necessary rule changes can be brought about immediately.

JOHN M. ZIEGLER
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sir:

My coaches aren't teaching head-first tactics. They teach us to tackle with the shoulder and to block with the shoulder. But in my opinion—and I am a high school senior—the quickest and most devastating way to stop a running back is to hit him with your head. I've been playing for six years now, and when I started I knew the risks I was taking. Football is a man's sport. If they're going to do a lot of rules changing, they're going to make it a girl's game.

I bet that half of these guys who are changing the rules never knew the satisfaction of having somebody as hard as you can.

JOHN BLACKSHER
Mobile, Ala.

Sir:

In junior and senior high I was dubbed a "killer," a "headhunter" who would tackle with "reckless abandon." This was all well and good until my senior year in high school when I saw a Memphis State player named Bill Crumby become paralyzed after he and a teammate collided head-on while trying to tackle the runner on a kickoff play. This bore heavily on my mind as I played the next week. I could no longer bring myself to tackle with my head.

No one loves football more than I, but my views on the sport have changed.

GLENN PITTS
Memphis

Sir:

It is the saddest and most tragic of ironies that almost immediately after your story came out a young professional football player named Darryl Stingley was paralyzed—and from a helmet hit.

WILLIAM E. CARSLLEY
Chicago

Sir:

Your article couldn't have been more to the point. When I read it, I still had a headache from participating in a high school all-star game the night before. The game was more of a street fight. People cheered the late hits and the punching. I find the coaches don't teach these techniques, but the crowds urge this type of play on. Don't eliminate the helmets, eliminate the crowds.

MIKE KETALY
Canoga Park, Calif.

Sir:

For a man who "loves the game," John Underwood will do more to misify the "crisis in football" than the helmet and the few mis-

directed coaches combined. As a high school coach of 20 years, I support his attempts to soften the outer covering of the helmet, to rid the profession of the few remaining coaches who teach punishing the opponents with the helmet, and to expose the failure of some officials to call illegal use of the helmet as clearly outlined in the rules.

But the hysteria developed by Underwood and authors of other studies on the topic is a result of faulty definitions of injury. Most "injuries" are contusions, sprains, etc., whose effects, for the most part, are short-lived. Most coaches actually attend clinics where trainers and physicians present the latest techniques to prevent injuries.

If football were as brutal as the article suggests, there would not be 1,750,000 people playing the game. Certainly fathers who had participated would not allow their sons to become involved if the experience were as physically devastating as Underwood implies.

With lovers of the game like Underwood, and with friends like SL, which displays a cover labeled "Brutality," who needs enemies? Friends and lovers, thanks but no thanks.

EDWARD FERRARO
Football Coach
Windham High School
Williamstown, Conn.

Sir:

I have been playing organized football since I was 8. I have watched as the spear, butt and spike have replaced the shoulder block and tackle. A week ago, while engaging in a drill during a practice session with the semipro Baltimore Warriors, I was the recipient of a "spear" to the head that was delivered with such force that my own helmet shattered into three pieces. Fortunately, I was not injured. Since then, I have read Underwood's article and seen a tape of the tragic, though legal, hit by Jack Titum on Darryl Stingley. I retired from the Warriors yesterday. Come September, my 8-year-old son will be playing soccer.

GEORGE M. CHURCH
Baltimore

Sir:

I congratulate SL for its willingness to address crucial ethical questions that must be faced if pro sport is to play a positive role in our nation's future. I respect you for having the guts to act as a vocal critic for the sportsworld. Keep it up.

PETE JAMES
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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